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T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

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**Cupid and Hymen:**  
**A VOYAGE to the ISLES of**  
**LOVE and MATRIMONY;**

CONTAINING

A most diverting Account of the Inhabitants  
of those large and populous Countries; their  
Laws, Manners, Customs, Government, &c.

With many useful Directions and Cautions how to  
avoid the dangerous Precipices and Quicksands  
those Islands abound with, wherein so many Thou-  
sand Adventurers have perish'd miserably.

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very natural and affecting Style and Manner,

In PROSE and VERSE,

By the Facetious HARRY CAREY,  
and other Persons of Wit and Humour.

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  3. The married Man's Answer.
  4. None but Fools marry; or a Vindication of the Batchelor's Estimate,
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T O  
C H L O E,  
W I T H T H E  
V O Y A G E to the Island of LOVE.

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*CHLOE the following Piece peruse with Care,  
It of a most delicious Country treats;  
Nor is it difficult to travel there;  
You may the Voyage make between the Sheets.*

---

A V O Y A G E to the Island of LOVE.

**I**T is but just, dear *Bellamour*, that I should let you hear from me; and that after a Year's Absence, you shou'd at last be deliver'd from the Uneasiness, which the Uncertainty of my Fate has undoubtedly given you. I have seen abundance of the World since my leaving you, but am not sure whether, in my present Condition, I shall have Resolution enough to give you any tolerable Account of my Travels: 'Tis adding to my present Affliction to call to Mind my past Sorrows; and 'tis increasing my present Pain, making

my old Wounds bleed afresh, to take a Survey, even in Imagination, of those Pleasures, whereof nothing now is remaining but cruel Remembrance. I believe, however, that it will be no small Consolation to me, to communicate to one of my best Friends, both my past Pleasures and Afflictions; Complaining is some Ease to a Person in Misery; I shall forget my Sorrows whilst I am relating my Adventures, and for a Moment make a Truce with my Heart-breaking Anguish.

'Tis now about a Year, as you may remember, since I embark'd on the wide Ocean, with several other Persons, of *all Ages*, and *Conditions*, but most of them *very giddy-headed*, in search of a *delicious Country*, named *Pleasure*, whereof we had all of us heard a most enchanting Description. Charm'd with the Thoughts of the Delights we were there to enjoy, we sail'd for some Days peaceably, and nothing was to be heard but Mirth and Gayety, from one End of the Vessel to the other; when pretty near an Island, where we intended to have taken in Refreshments, there arose so furious a Tempest, and the Wind was so boisterous, that in spite of the utmost Skill and Endeavours of the Pilot, it drove us with Violence to a Coast quite opposite to that to which we were bound: In this Condition, we were toss'd up and down, between four and five Days; after which the Weather began to clear up, the Sun shone out with greater Lustre than ever, and we found our selves not far off of a beautiful Island, which seem'd almost cover'd with the most delightful Gardens, or rather, which seem'd one continued Garden, and a second terrestrial Paradise. Ravish'd with the numberless Beauties, which every where offer'd themselves to our Eye, we were all curious to know the Name of that inviting Country, imagining it that to which we were bound, and that the Pilot had put an agreeable Cheat upon us, when he inform'd us that we had been driven so far out of our Way. But there hapen'd to be a Man on board the Ship who unde-

*He whom you there behold with Looks severe,  
Is call'd Respect, and is the Child of Love;  
Got on Esteem; great is his Credit here,  
Him therefore court, if you'd successful prove:  
They who neglect to follow his Advice,  
Are very seldom Fav'rites with the Fair,  
To buy his Friendship, Silence is the Price,  
And even the Language of the Eyes forbear:  
She who so constant on his Steps does wait,  
Is call'd Precaution, circumspect, and wise,  
Of discreet Love, th' inseparable Mate,  
In Love one must have every Way one's Eyes.*

Being instructed by such a good Master, I paid great Civility to *Respect*, and *Precaution*, and desired their Friendship, which they both granted me with a very good Grace: This done, I advanced trembling towards the fair One, who had charm'd me, and begged her to do me the Honour to let me hand her, which she granted with Haughtiness enough; and after having talked for some time about Things indifferent, she left me, and went her Way.

As Night drew on, *Love* conducted me to a little Village, that was very near, where I had a very sorry Lodging: This Village is called *Anxiety*, from the Name of the Lady of the Mannor, to whom we made a Visit. It is hardly possible to give you a tolerable Description of this Woman, for she cannot sit one Moment in the same Place, or Posture: One Minute she is standing, another Minute she lies down; sometimes she walks a Snail's Pace, at another Time she runs so swift it is impossible to keep up with her; she never sleeps, which makes her very lean and hagg'd; then she is very negligent of herself, having her Hair always dishevell'd, and in terrible Disorder, but especially about her Forehead, by Reason she is often rubbing it. After having paid my Respects to her, whereof she took no Manner of Notice, I went to my



my Lodging, and laid me down upon a Bed, but could get no Rest, the beautiful Charmer being always present in my Thought, which caused me to make the following Reflection.

*My Words disjointed are, and wild,  
Continual Sighs break off my Speech;  
I'm of my Liberty beguil'd,  
And Reason's Aid in vain beseech.  
Has not Zelinda, charming Queen,  
Bound my Heart Captive in her Chains?  
E'er I her beauteous Face had seen,  
I never felt such cruel Pains.*

Next Morning I arose very early, and *Love* conducted me to another Village, whose Name is *Courtship*; it is very different from *Anxiety*, being in my Opinion, one of the most agreeable Places in the whole Country.

*There one may tender Lovers see,  
In Crowds flock thither every Day;  
Near th'Object of their Vows to be,  
And with them sport the Time away:  
There ev'ry House is deck'd with Flow'rs,  
All seems magnificent and gay;  
In Feasts and Balls they spend the Hours,  
And Care and Sorrow put away.  
All Vice is likewise banish'd thence,  
Nor suffered in this blest Retreat;  
Ev'n Misers lavish there their Pence,  
Bless'd if therewith a Smile they get.  
Nay, the most froward Mortals strive,  
Themselves agreeable to make;  
And the most stupid Sotts alive,  
Learn Wit, and off their Folly shake.*

ought to be contented with continuing in *Hope*, without going to expose myself in the dangerous River *Pretensions*.

Hereupon I thank'd him for his good Advice, and took a Walk towards that Part of the Town which is farthest from the River : There it is that the Palace of the Princess *Hope* stands, who is reckoned the Oracle of the *Island of Love*, although it is not very safe relying upon what she says ; for

*Fair Promises she always makes,  
Which Promises full oft she breaks ;  
In Love to persevere decoys,  
And buoys us up with promis'd Joys ;  
Nay, often bids those Wretches live,  
Who the next Hour their Doom receive.*

By entering her Palace, one meets the *Thoughts*, which are always upon the Wing, and fly sometimes *high*, sometimes *low*, and sometimes in the *Middle of the Air* ; according as the Fancy takes them ; for my Part, I happened upon such as were discreet enough, for they always kept an even Flight. I went afterwards to see the Princess *Hope*, who is actually a very amiable Lady : She has a perpetual Smile in her Countenance, and a most sweet and most engaging Look ; one is never tired of her Company ; she comforts the most afflicted, animates the Courage of the Proud, and flatters agreeably those who are not unreasonable in their Desires : When I went to pay her my Respects, two Men entered her Apartment, at the same Time, with me ; one whereof had placed his Affections on one so much his Superior, that he durst not promise himself any good Issue from his Passion ; and the other, who was in the same Case, hoped for all Things from his good Fortune ! I must own, I could not help admiring the artful Address of the Princess, in comfort-

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ing

ing one and animating the other : To the first she said,

*Time and Respect o'ercome all Obstacles :  
And Love unshaken, may do Miracles.*

And turning to the other, said,

*'Tis great and glorious, sure, she cry'd,  
T'abase a haughty Beauty's Pride,  
And when you make th' Attempt in vain,  
'Tis great, by Death, to end your Pain.*

As for my Part, when I had told my Case, as she found me not to be unreasonable, she said,

*You all may hope for, from your prudent Love,  
And the Fair, one Day, will your Flames approve,*

Although I very well knew, that she constantly flattered every Body, I could not help being delighted with her Answer ; and it left such a pleasing Impression upon my Mind, that I rested better that Night than I had done some Time before ; and the next Morning *Love* would have conducted me to *Declaration* : But as we were on the Way thither, we were again met by *Respect*, who was very much out of Humour, and told me that I ought not to be in such Post-Haste ; he even reprimanded *Love* pretty sharply, which the little Tyrant not being able to bear, with any Manner of Patience, cryed out in a great Passion,

*What ! always sigh, and bear eternal Pains !  
And always love on, and wear a Tyrant's Chains !  
Perhaps to dye at last, and yet not dare,  
At the last Gasps, one's Suff'rings to declare !  
Or know, when a poor Wretch expiring lies,  
If she, who caus'd his Death, will with him sympathize ?  
Must*

*Must one, to happy be, the Venture run,  
Whether the cruel Fair, e'er Life be gone,  
Laying aside her Haughtiness, will deign  
To take some Pity and to end his Pain;  
And not consider it may be too late,  
And Culprit first may have resign'd to Fate!*

Hereupon *Respect* told him that should not be my Case, and that, if I would be advised by him, my Passion should be soon known without going to *Declaration*: That, as for the rest, I should always find *Zelinda* at the Place to which he would conduct me, whereas she would, perhaps stay but one Day at *Declaration*, after which I should never see her more. I suffered myself to be prevailed on, by these Reasons, notwithstanding all that *Love* could urge to the contrary, and went with him to a strong Fortress whereof he is Governor: It is a Citadel well fortified with several impregnable Bastions, whose Walls are so high, that the Eye cannot reach the Top of them, and so strong, and so thick, that it is impossible to shake them.

*Modesty*, *Silence*, and *Secresy* guard the only Gate there is to this Fortress, which, nevertheless is but a very little Wicket. *Modesty* is a Woman of great Gravity, but without affecting to appear so; her Eyes have a resolute Look, accompanied with a great deal of Reservedness; and she goes always very plainly dress'd, having her Arms and her Neck continually covered up very close, so as not to be seen by any one, especially any Man. *Silence* exactly resembles the Pictures you have seen of him, having a sullen Look with his Eyes, and holding always one Finger upon his Mouth. As for *Secresy*, he is hardly ever to be seen, keeping himself generally concealed in an obscure Corner, whence he never stirs out but when it is very seasonable, and if he speaks sometimes, it is very low, and in a Whisper; but he has excellent Parts, and his Sagacity is so great, that he understands every



Body at the least Sign in the World. He entered this Citadel in the Retinue of *Respect*, without speaking a Word, and almost by Stealth, and we saw that,

*In close Retirement lives each Family,  
And all is done with th'utmost Privacy;  
No Balls, or Serenades alarm the Ear,  
Nor i'the Streets any, but at Night appear;  
All Persons there, their own Affairs attend,  
Without intrusting Confident, or Friend:  
There Lovers seldom meet, but keep away,  
Forc'd a Constraint on their Desires to lay;  
There they must suffer, yet not dare complain,  
Tho' then oppress'd, with the most cruel Pain.  
This is the School where Lovers learn to try,  
The soft persuasive Language of the Eye;  
That silent Language, which so well imparts  
The inmost Thoughts, and Wishes of our Hearts;  
Which, without speaking, can the Mind explain,  
And tell us all its Joy, and all its Pain.*

This Citadel is called *Discretion*, from the Name of the Daughter of *Respect*, whom he has made his Deputy, and who commands the Fortrefs under him. She is a Lady of great Beauty, though not of the Sort that pleases at first Sight; but they who are used to her Company are very fond of her Conversation; Her Eyes are inexpressibly piercing and lively, insomuch, that when they please, they can make themselves understood by every Body; and she has the Look of a Person of the greatest Modesty and Reservedness, through which, nevertheless, one may discover abundance of Address and Wit, which she never fails to make use of, whenever she sees Occasion.

After paying my Respects to her, I inquired artfully where *Zelinda* lodged, which, when I was informed, I took up my Quarters in a House that  
was

was a good Distance from thence, and even when I chanced to meet her, all my Discourse was upon Subjects quite different from Love: Thus did I continue a considerable Time in the Citadel, leading a very miserable Life, and holding no Correspondence with any.

*With falling Tears my Cheeks I stain'd,  
With Grief and Anguish worn away,  
'Till but a Skeleton remain'd,  
Of Strephon, once so blithe and gay:  
Yet I ne'er let Zelinda hear  
My Groans, or in the least complain,  
But waited with Respect and Fear,  
'Till she, or Death, should end my Pain.*

The little *Love*, my Companion, and Instructor, took Compassion on me, and would have left me, but I expressed such a Value and so much Kindness for him, that he could not resolve absolutely upon it.

After some Time, I became yet more miserable than ever; for *Zelinda* having discovered my Love by my Actions, removed from thence, and took up her Abode in the Cave of Cruelty. This Cave is in the Hole of a Rock, so steep and rugged, that it is very difficult to ascend it; the Entrance is forbidden to all Lovers; for which Reason there is a strong Guard of Tygers placed at the Mouth, to prevent their getting in. I would have stopped *Zelinda*, just as she was upon the Point of entering, but was hind'ed by a Woman of the largest Size, who was very ugly, and had a Savage Look: Her Eyes sticks out of her Head, she has great, lean, long Arms, with prodigious long Nails, like Eagle's Talons; treats every Body with a great deal of Haughtiness and Contempt, and takes a Pleasure in tormenting all who approach her; in short, one, only, of her Looks is enough to cause Despair.

*Her Name is Cruelty, Love's deadly Foe,  
 Whose sole Delight's in Misery and Woe;  
 A hideous Monster, dreadful to the Sight,  
 From whom, one single Look, the boldest would affright.  
 Yet is she join'd, so 'tis decreed by Fate,  
 To Youth and Beauty, as their constant Mate.*

For my Part, I was struck with such a Terror on her first Approach, that not being able to support her Looks, I withdrew hastily, and went to the Side of a large Torrent, which falls with Violence from the Top of the Rock.

*From Lovers Eyes, this Torrent takes its Source,  
 Whose streaming Tears, its rapid Channel fill;  
 And down the Rock precipitates its Course,  
 Whilst, with its Fall, resounds each neighb'ring Hill.*

*Its flowing Streams soften the hardest Stone;  
 Its plaintive Murmurs fill the Woods around;  
 Stern Cruelty remains unmov'd alone,  
 Whilst Trees, and Rocks, are melted with the Sound.*

This Torrent is surrounded by a very thick and gloomy Forest, whose Trees all bear the Marks of some disconsolate Lover; their Bark being all full of their melancholy Stones and Complaints; the whole Forest resounds with nothing but Cries and Reproaches; and that talkative Nymph, *Eccho*, repeats nothing but mournful and lamentable Expostulations; in short, one hears nothing but Death talked of in this dismal Place. It was there, that despairing of being ever able to draw Zelinda out of the Arms of Cruelty, I frequently cry'd out,

*Alas! Zelinda, cruel and severe,  
 Won't Death, at least, draw from your Eyes a Tear?  
 These*

*These Woods, and Rocks, are soften'd with my Grief,  
And had they Pow'r, would give me some Relief;  
But you, Zelinda, cruel, beauteous Fair,  
Cause all my Woes, yet leave me to despair.*

Thus did I make all the neighbouring Ecchoes resound with my Complaints; never having any Rest, nor ceasing from shedding Floods of Tears: My usual Employment was to walk round the Rock, where I sometimes met *Zelinda*, but she was always in Company with *Cruelty*, whom I endeavour'd in vain to mollify by all Manner of Submissions. At last, one Day, when I was in a more despairing Temper of Mind than I had ever been before, *Love* conducted me to the Side of a certain Lake:

*Despair's dire Lake, where Nymphs and Swains  
forlorn,*

*Cease to be Objects of their Victor's Scorn:  
Hopeless to be belov'd, worn out with Pain,  
And having languish'd Months and Years in vain,  
Finding their Loves inexorable quite,  
And listless without them to bear the Light,  
Thither they come, resolv'd to end the Strife,  
And put an End at once to Love and Life.  
Birds of ill Omen hover in the Air,  
And by their croaking Noise inspire Despair;  
Whilst Thousands of wild Swans a Consort make,  
And sing their mournful Dirges on the Lake;  
Whose plaintive Harmony, and dying Strains,  
Seem to lament th'expiring Lovers Pains.*

Several disconsolate Lovers walk along the Sides of the Lake, and I saw some who threw themselves into it headlong: I was once tempted to do the same, but before I attempted to put the desperate Design in Execution, (a Design to which Nature is always repugnant) I imagin'd it better upon second Thoughts to endeavour  
once



once more to mollify *Zelinda*, and that Monster *Cruelty*. To this Purpose, I went and laid myself at the Entrance of the Cave, with a firm Resolution never to stir from thence, till I should see *Zelinda* come out. There it was, that by a Flood of Tears, and innumerable heart-breaking Sighs, I made my Complaints heard even to the Bottom of the Cave, for which I was frequently very ill used by *Cruelty*: In short, I believe I should at last have sunk under my Pains, if *Love* had not given me a Piece of very wholesome Counsel, which sav'd my Life. One Day, when I was swallow'd up with Grief, I saw a very agreeable Maiden pass by me, who shed Tears as she looked upon me, and seem'd by her Countenance to bestow those Tears upon my Misfortunes.

*Alas ! she seem'd to say, unhappy Swain !  
How do I pity all thy Grief and Pain ?  
Thy tender Passion, and thy ardent Love,  
Deserv'd not that thy Fair should cruel prove.*

I thought myself so much obliged to this Maiden, that I ask'd her Name, and *Love* told me that it was *Pity*, who used frequently to come thus, and endeavour to oblige some unfortunate Lover ; and that if she wou'd espouse my Cause, she wou'd certainly engage *Zelinda* to come out of the Cave of *Cruelty*.

In order to follow his Counsel, I endeavour'd to prevail upon *Pity*, by letting her know my deplorable Condition, which she was so much moved with, that she promis'd to use her utmost Efforts to assist me : Accordingly it was not long before she made me sensible of the good Effects of her Promises ; for taking a Turn round the Rock she at last discover'd *Zelinda*, and with Tears in her Eyes gave her an Account of my melancholy Condition, and that in such moving Language that it drew likewise Tears from the beauteous Eyes of the inhuman Fair one. *Pity* finding she had moved her Compassion,  
con-

conducted her to the Place where I lay, and shew'd her the miserable State to which she had reduced me ; *Zelinda* could not help being sensibly affected with the melancholy Sight, and accordingly, not only began to give Ear to my amorous Reproaches, but approved thereof, and at last resolv'd to put an End to them : *Cruelty*, who was inform'd of her Design, wou'd have prevented it, but *Pity* thrust her back very roughly, and restored *Zelinda* to me, who, raising me up, said ;

*Strephon, at length, thy Passion I approve,  
Thank Pity here, the beauteous Child of Love :  
Her Words, have forc'd their Passage to my Breast,  
And me with tender Thoughts of thee possess'd ;  
Live then, I give thee Leave, fond Strephon, live,  
And with this pleasing Hope, thy Heart revive ;  
That with thy Passion won, I shall, one Day,  
With endless Love thy Constancy repay.*

'Tis impossible to express the Joy I felt at these Words ; I saw myself in a Moment, from the most miserable of Mankind, become the happiest Mortal in the Universe, insomuch that, in my Raptures, I cry'd out ;

*Rejoice, my Heart, Zelinda is pleas'd,  
No longer think then on thy Suff'rings past ;  
But prize that Life wherewith she's not pleas'd,  
And think what Joys may crown it at the last.  
When on the dreadful Brink of Death thou stood'st,  
Her beauteous Hand up-rais'd thee from the Grave ;  
In common Justice then, my Heart, thou shoud'st  
Devote to her that Life which she did save.*

Behold me then more happy than I ever durst have hoped to have been, insomuch that I bless'd a Thousand Times a Day all the Pains I had suffer'd, and they vanish'd from my Thoughts in a Moment.

But

But *Pity* did not rest contented with bringing *Zelinda* out of that disagreeable Abode, she likewise carried her on to *Confidence*, and then left us to go and assist some other Lover in Distress. I conjured her, however, at parting, to remember that I shou'd always stand in need of her Good Offices, whereupon she promised me her Assistance in Case of Necessity, and which was more, committed us into the Hands of *Confidence*, who own'd the Village where she took Leave of us.

This Village, properly speaking, is but a Pleasure-House, but the most agreeable, in my Opinion, in the whole Island. As to *Confidence*, she is a Maiden Lady, who has an open frank Look, insomuch that one may read the inmost Recesses of her Heart, and not be mistaken in one's Sentiments: She is of the most even Temper in the World, always the same; and there is no manner of Restraint, but every one enjoys full Liberty in her House. There it is that Lovers keep their *Rendezvous*, in little winding Groves, whose Avenues are very secret, and where they are not disturbed.

There it is that they have the Pleasure of talking with each other the whole Day without being tired: And there it is that they see each other every Hour, and yet think they don't see each other enough. There they enjoy each others Conversation in private, and have the pleasing Satisfaction of seeking a Thousand different Ways of talking to each other by Stealth: *Billetdoux* also pass there between each other very frequently. In short, I spent very many happy Days there, and indeed the happiest of my Life; for I was continually with *Zelinda*; she told me all her Thoughts; and I did not conceal from her any of mine.

*What Pleasures past expressing I possess!  
 How was my Soul with rapt'rous Transports blest!  
 How sweetly had I past Life's irksome Stage,  
 Free from those Passions that within me rage:*  
*Had*

*Had my Desires but Moderation known,  
And I contented press'd no further on!  
I met Zelinda wherefoe'er I went,  
And spoke my Mind to her without Restraint;*

All the Proofs of Friendship that cou'd be desired, and even some Testimonies of Affection, I easily obtain'd after some few Intreaties; in short I liv'd the most agreeable Life in the World, if I cou'd have been satisfied with it, but *Love* perpetually urged me to carry her to his Temple, and I was always sure of being out of her Favour, whenever I propos'd to her to go thither.

At last, however, after many fruitless Intreaties, we went together from the Village of *Confidence*, but were hardly got out of it, when a Man, who seem'd to be a Person of Authority, met us directly, and with a strong Arm, took *Zelinda* with Violence from me. Notwithstanding his Incivility I cou'd not help respecting him, and as I wou'd have appeas'd him, without designing to look upon me, he led *Zelinda* a quite contrary Way, and all she cou'd do was to cry out,

*Strephon, farewell, I dare no longer stay,  
Duty against my Will drags me away:  
Yet live, however, better Days await,  
And keep thy Faith to me inviolate.*

I remain'd immoveable at this Sight, and saw her go away without speaking one Word; however, after some Hesitation, my first Resolution was to run after her, and wrest her from the Arms of *Duty* by main Force; but *Respect* and *Precaution*, who happen'd to come by very seasonably, prevented me. This accidental Meeting anger'd me at the first, but I had always reap'd so much Benefit by their Advice, that I was resolv'd still to follow it.

Here-



Hereupon I retired to a neighbouring Defart, which seemed agreeable to my Humour: 'Tis a large Valley, surrounded with several Mountains, and very remote from all Manner of Correspondence, where there is a Castle situated in the midst of a great Wood, which is the continual Abode of a melancholy Female, called, *Absence*: She is very seldom to be seen, having her Eyes always drowned in Tears, and being consequently very much dejected, and disfigured: She is always in Mourning, and perpetually accompanied by *Thoughtfulness*, who is also mighty lean, never fixing her Eyes long upon any single Object, but looking upon every Thing, and yet seeing Nothing: She takes no Notice, nor gives the least Attention to any Thing; nei her does she ever speak, but quite foreign to the Purpose, and hardly ever gives an Answer to what is asked of her; in short, she seems to be collected within herself, and to love no Company but her own. The Fall of Waters, and their soft Murmurs, and the singing of Birds, are her ordinary Diversions. Hereupon I entered into a strict Friendship with her, and conformed myself entirely to her Manner of living; retiring, with my Sorrows to the greatest Solitudes, and conversing alone, in the same Manner as she, with the Woods, the Brooks, the Ecchoes, and the Springs.

In the mean while I suffered a Thousand afflicting Torments, having always a longing Desire to see *Zelinda*, and not being able to satisfy that Desire; what I thought most grievous of all, in that Place, was, that the Time is longer than in any other Place in the World, the Moments being Hours, the Hours Days, and the Days Years: Besides this, one meets every where with *Troubles*, which are great gigantick Mortals of a very disagreeable Aspect; and they are so numerous that there's no avoiding them. At last, being weary of living in such cruel Torment,

ment, and ready to sink under it, I compos'd the following Verses.

'Tis then decreed above, that I must dye,  
 My deadly Pains admit no Remedy;  
 And what's, in vain, apply'd to give me Ease  
 But more exasperates the fierce Disease:  
 Thy short-liv'd Pleasures all, my Soul, are dead,  
 Zelinda is, for ever, from thee fled:  
 Then cease, to murmur longer, and repine,  
 And losing her, thy hated Life resign.  
 Far from the Fair, who was my sole Delight,  
 Far from those Eyes, which only charm'd my Sight,  
 By various Passions toss'd, my wounded Soul,  
 To each is made a Prey, without Controul.  
 Of my once pleasing Flame, nought now remains,  
 But cutting Sorrows, and Heart wounding Pains;  
 'Till my sad Days, in deadly Langour pass'd,  
 Quite sink me down in endless Night at last.  
 Absence does still a Cure effectual prove,  
 For the Soul-vexing Mem'ry of one's Love:  
 But, woe is me! to quench my raging Flame,  
 In vain I court the melancholy Dame;  
 True, from Zelinda's Love, she's banish'd me,  
 And from her pleasing Talk and Company;  
 But her bright Charms, whose Pow'r too well I know,  
 Are ever present, to encrease my Woe.

Thus I experienced the cruel Pains which *Absence* makes poor Lovers suffer, and had no other Comfort but some Letters, which *Love* found the Means to get conveyed to me; nevertheless, I should not have lived long, if *Zelinda's* having, at last, got free from *Duty*, had not recalled me from my Exile. This made me, in a Moment, forget all my past Pains, and run to see her again with all the Impatience of an ardent Lover; but I was not much happier for the Change of my Con-

dition ; for I found her in a Place, where no one yet ever enjoyed any Repose.

*There all are upon groundless Quarrels bent,  
And Duelling is hourly their Intent ;  
Fully resolv'd their fancy'd Foes to end,  
Without respecting Brother, Prince, or Friend.  
There Rage, Suspicion, Anger, Envy, shed  
Their dang'rous Poison upon every Head,  
'Till by their own, or other Hands, to fall  
All seek : For Fraud, and Horror, reigns o'er all.*

This Place is called the *Rivals*, whither I was no sooner come but I saw several Persons about *Zelinda*, who reddened with Anger, on seeing me, and prevented my speaking to her. I felt within myself a secret Hatred, and Aversion to them all ; and a little after, thinking, that *Zelinda* looked upon them too kindly, I suffered myself to be conducted by *Love* to the Palace of *Jealousy*, which is adjacent to the *Rivals*.

This Palace is yet a much more disagreeable Place than any of the rest ; for even *Absence* and *Cruelty* don't make one suffer half the Ills, that one suffers in *Jealousy* : Continual Winds, Rains, and Tempests, render this a very unpleasant Place to reside in ; the Thunder growls there perpetually over one's Head, and the Sky is very dark, and multiplies every Object ; the least Shadow strikes one there with Terrour, and the whole Place is full of Precipices, where People are often lost, by Reason of the Darkness that reigns throughout the Whole.

At the Entrance of this Palace, we meet with *Passion*, *Idle Fancies*, and *Perturbation of Mind*, which bewitch the Eyes in such a Manner, that one sees every Thing the wrong Way. *Passion* is always in a Fury, without knowing any Reason why, speaks very precipitately, and says every Thing unreasonably, and without any

Order

Order or Connection : *Perturbation of Mind* is startled and disturbed at the least Thing in the World, and is astonished at a meer Nothing : And *Idle Fancies* are always creating their own Misfortunes, because they form to themselves vain Phantoms, which prove their own Torment. All these Persons, at my Entrance, made me take a certain Draught, which transformed me into quite another Man than I was before.

*Suspicious, hot, and diffident I grew,  
To me my Heat seem'd reasonable too ;  
My self, my self tormented to my Shame,  
Till every Object troublesome became.*

In this miserable State I went to visit *Jealousy*, who is very ugly, and very lean, besides her being cover'd with Serpents, which are perpetually gnawing her Entrails. Her Look is full of Horror, and she sees not any Thing which she does not envy. As soon as I entered the Room where she was, she threw one of her Serpents at me, which, in the Fury I was then in, exasperated me yet ten times more ; insomuch that I ran up and down every where, without knowing whither I was going, or to what End. When I met *Zelinda* in Company, I durst not approach her, and trembled in my very Soul, but then I endeavour'd to overhear what was said to her, and her Answers, and I wrested every Word she spoke to such a Sense as might torment myself. When any one whisper'd her, I turn'd as pale as Death immediately, and interpreted the least Action, and the least Gesture in Favour of others ; and when I did not see her, I imagin'd her in the Arms of some happier Rival : If she was alone, I fancy'd she was waiting for some Body ; in short in my Phrenzy I was jealous of every Thing I saw, and even of Things inanimate.



*Ye Trees, and Flow'rs, I in my Transports cry'd,  
 Where does Zelinda from her Strephon hide?  
 You are the Confidents of all her Cares;  
 With you she spends whole Days, whilst I'm in Tears.  
 Woe is me, wretched Man! if my Ingrate,  
 Had to me kept her Faith inviolate,  
 Why does she more delight in you, than me?  
 And why for Yours, avoid my Company?*

In the mean While, Zelinda, who saw my Weakness, did but smile at it, at the Beginning; but afterwards she resented it highly, and then it was that I became acquainted with a Man who would have cured me, both of my *Love* and *Jealousy*, at the same Time; his Name was *Spite*.

*The mortal Enemy of Pain,  
 Who, when he's ill us'd by the Fair,  
 Don't whining stand, and sue in vain,  
 Or give himself up to Despair:  
 But arm'd with a Resentment brave,  
 He wisely makes a quick Retreat,  
 And often does a Lover save  
 From an entire and sad Defeat.  
 Stung with the Falshood of my Fair,  
 No more to Love a Vow I made;  
 And Spite so far prevail'd, I swear,  
 That three whole Days from her I staid;  
 But Grief and Care still stuck so close,  
 And o'er my Soul had so much Pow'r;  
 To dye her Slave I rather chose,  
 Than cease so many Charms t'adore.*

I return'd then, with more Violence than ever, to my jealous Suspicions; but, after a considerable Time, Zelinda grew weary of seeing me in so deplorable a  
 Con-

Condition; and *Pity*, who had promised me her Assistance in Case of Necessity, was as good as her Word, and remov'd from *Zelinda* every Object that might give me any Vexation, and brought me away with much Difficulty, from a Place so disagreeable. *Zelinda* too undeceived me as I came out, and convinced me of all my Faults and Mistakes, upon which I fell at her Feet, and asking her a thousand Pardons, cry'd,

*With Scorn and Rigour arm your Eyes,  
Be haughty, cruel, and severe;  
If anger in my Breast arise,  
I'll stifle it, and keep it there.  
No, no, whatever Pains I bear,  
Though Grief be painted in my Eyes;  
Ne'er shall my Heart rebellious dare,  
Repine, or say You tyrannize.  
Perhaps I languishing may mourn,  
And beg You not to be severe;  
But shou'd my Breast with Anger burn,  
I'll stifle it, and keep it there.*

Nevertheless, *Zelinda* did not immediately seal my Pardon; it was even with some Difficulty that she brought herself to support my Presence, since I had been capable of so much Weakness: Whereupon I endeavour'd to appease her, by saying;

*Think, think, how cutting is the Grief,  
When gall'd by a proud Beauty's Chain;  
To see the cruel, lovely Thief,  
Does only laugh at all our Pain.  
Think that a Lover cannot live,  
Unless he sees whom he adores,  
And give me Hopes your Heart forgives  
And me to Favour once restores.*

*Since though I've lightly been to blame,  
 And grossly wrong'd my Charming Fair:  
 Enough I have atton'd the same,  
 By my sad Suff'ring and Despair.*

At last my Tears and Intreaties, together with the natural Inclination she had for me, as she had confess'd to me at *Confidence*, prevail'd on her to receive me again into Favour: In short, after many Difficulties, We arrived at the Metropolis of the Kingdom of *Love*, which is called after the Name of the Island, and where the Court is kept, which is beyond Expression splendid and agreeable; being composed of all Sorts of Nations, Ranks, and Degrees, Kings, Princes, and Subjects; notwithstanding which, no one there is a greater Man than another.

This City is very large, and every Thing there is in Confusion; Persons of Merit are join'd there very often with those who have none; and such as are handsome frequently leave all for those that are homely; which sufficiently shews that the God who presides there is blind. In the Middle of the City is a very famous Temple, which is older than the World, for *Love* was there when he unravell'd the Chaos. This Temple is very spacious, notwithstanding which, it is hardly large enough to receive all the Sacrifices that are offer'd up there every Day.

We went thither also, to offer up our Sacrifices according to Custom, and on our Entrance were obliged to deliver up the Victims, which were our Hearts: *Zelinda* still made some Difficulty of parting with hers, but *Desire* at last snatch'd it away, not without some little Violence. Our Hearts then were offered up in Sacrifices to *Love*, and the Flame, which burnt them, did not consume them, insomuch that after the Sacrifice, we found them still both entire, but burning:

*And,*

*And, which perhaps, may seem most strange,  
We of our Hearts made an Exchange;  
Zelinda, seizing first on mine,  
Did thereby her's to me resign;  
Thus I of her's became possess'd,  
And treasur'd it up in my Breast.*

Behold me then, arriv'd at the Height of all my  
Wishes; I continued therefore some Time in the City,  
enjoying all the Pleasures whereof Man is capable, in  
being tenderly beloved; that is to say:

*I was her sole Delight, with me,  
She always cou'd have wish'd to be;  
In all my Griefs still bore a Share,  
And my least Hurt made her despair.*

But this was not enough for me, I was still dissatis-  
fy'd, for I was bent upon carrying her to the Palace of  
*True Pleasure*, which is the Country-Seat where *Love*  
goes to visit *Psyche*, and with that Design I was con-  
ducting her that Way, when we met the most trouble-  
some Mortal in the World.

*Pleasure's great Enemy, and Foe profess'd,  
Who still the fondest Lovers does molest;  
Who o'er the Passions bears impetuous Sway,  
And with Love's soft Desires can't away;  
Numbers insatuated, swell his Train,  
Charm'd with his empty Maxims, to their Pain;  
Which all our Pleasures criminal esteem,  
And the least Liberties reproachful deem.*

This numerous Company which attended him were  
very much out of Order, being all sickly Women who  
cou'd not keep up with him, without great Difficulties:  
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ties

ties of their Soul, makes them hourly languish and pine away, till they are as lean as Skeletons, whilst their dying Eyes betray their Hearts, and make it visible to every one, that the *little God* in spite of all their Resistance, maintains his Empire there.

This Mortal, in one Word, was *Honour*, and was accompany'd with *Shamefacedness*, of whom I can give you no tolerable Description, because she has always a Vail over her Face, and will not discover herself to any one. These two then having stopt *Zelinda*, said a Thousand fine Things to her, which seem'd very ridiculous to me, but were not esteem'd so by *Zelinda*; for assoon as she heard them, she resolv'd to be advis'd by them; at which new Way of Behaviour I was very much astonish'd, and immediately cry'd out:

*Mourn, mourn, my Eyes, mourn your unhappy Fate ;  
Mourn your Disgrace as unforeseen as great ;  
Your Sight, Zelinda, will no longer bear,  
But has resum'd her Heart, and leaves you to despair.  
If you are blest when in her Eyes you look ;  
If Pleasure in her Company you took :  
Weep, weep, my Eyes, with Floods of Tears run o'er,  
Those happy Days you never will see more.*

Nevertheless I conjured *Love* to use his utmost Endeavours to recall her, and he took so much Pains therein that at last he succeeded, and we pursued our Journey to the Palace of *True Pleasure*. We were not very far from thence when we met with *Respect* and *Precaution*; but *Respect* no longer look'd so grave and austere; on the contrary he had a very gallant and graceful Air, and his Countenance was full of Smiles: Neither did *Precaution* stand so much upon Ceremonie; and *Respect* said to Us with a Smile.

*Go,*

*Go, perfect Lovers, go, feast ev'ry Sense,  
And of your Loves reap the sweet Recompence;  
My Presence now is of no Use to you,  
I've with your secret Pleasures nought to do.*

This said he embraced me and left me; and he was but just gone, when I saw a very handsome Woman, stark naked, running to Us very swift, with her Hair hanging all over her Face before, and quite bald behind. There were several Persons there, some of which quite neglected her, and the others ran after her very faint-heartedly, notwithstanding which they all seemed very much vexed, at their having suffered her to pass by them. Hereupon *Love*, as soon as he saw her, told me, that it was *Opportunity*, and that she only had Interest enough to procure me Entrance into the Palace of *True Pleasure*, wherefore I must not let her escape me, because one cou'd not be certain ever to find her again. In Obedience to his Advice therefore I ran to meet her, and stopt her, and she brought *Zelinda* to a Resolution of going into the Palace, where we at last arrived with the greatest Satisfaction in the World, for it is actually a most enchanting Place.

*There an eternal Spring is seen,  
And th'azure Sky is still serene;  
A Thousand Roses hourly blow,  
Each Moment does fresh Wonders show;  
The Trees with Fruits o'er loaden stand;  
And seem to court the Gath'rer's Hand;  
Each Field is dress'd in lively Green,  
Around a thousand Caves are seen,  
(With Bows entwin'd, all shaded o'er,  
Lest prying Eyes shou'd ought explore,)  
Where Lovers pass each gladsome Day,  
In am'rous Sports and wanton Play.*

*These*



*These lonesome Caves, Time out of Mind,  
 Have sacred been to Love, we find;  
 Nature herself the Branches wove,  
 The kind Receptacles of Love;  
 Where all the little feather'd Quire,  
 Pleas'd with their Mates, in Pairs retire;  
 And make the Hills and Dales around,  
 With Love inspiring Songs resound;  
 And others to excite the Love,  
 Themselves the pleasing Lesson prove.  
 A Thousand little Riv'lets there,  
 With their soft Murmurs fill the Air;  
 Whilst kindly the still Nights conspire,  
 To add fresh Fuel to Love's Fire.  
 There Lovers ne'er are heard complain,  
 Of their Fair's Rigour, or Disdain;  
 But after many Troubles past,  
 Joys ev'n beyond their Wishes taste.  
 Why say I more, since all that e'er,  
 This World produc'd, or Great, or Fair,  
 Have their Love's pleasing Passion try'd,  
 And in their Lovers Arms have dy'd.*

I must own to You that one is very happy in that Place; as for my Part, when I consider'd that I was arrived at the Height of all my Wishes, I thought I cou'd never be sufficiently satisfy'd with my good Fortune; but my Happiness was too great to be lasting, accordingly I soon saw the End of it, as you will observe: But some Days before, as I was walking, I met with a Maiden who was but homely, but who was nevertheless very affected, and never satisfy'd with any Thing. She has no settled Abode, because she takes no Care to provide herself of any one, even the most agreeable Things being irksome to her, her Name is *Coldness*.

She has a great Power in the *Isle of Love*; for they who will hearken to her Counsel, soon leave it without any

any Trouble or Regret, for she conducts them to the Bay of *Disgust*, where there are but too many Vessels ready to carry one away. I saw several who went along with her, but I thought her so homely and so unreasonable, that I wou'd not stay one Moment with her, but return'd to the Palace of *True Pleasure*, where some Days after I met with a Misfortune, which still makes a deep Impression upon me, and which I never expect to see an End of.

One Morning in the Midst of all my Pleasures, I saw a Man who came saucily to interrupt them; his Mien was majestick and independent, and his Look haughty; and by his Eyes, and the whole Air of his Face one might see that he was one that was absolute, and knew not what it was to obey. In a Word, it was *Destiny*, whose Decrees are irrevocable, who forced *Zelinda* from my Arms. All my Efforts to detain her were in vain, he took her away, and carried her I know not whither, for I have not been able to hear of her since.

Hereupon I immediately left the Palace of *True Pleasure*, which seem'd disagreeable to me, since *Zelinda* was no longer there, and retired to the Place where I now am, and where I believe I shall pass those few remaining Days which my Sorrows will allow me. I am here upon the Top of a Mountain call'd the *Desart of Remembrance*; its Solitude is very agreeable, but what is very vexatious is, that the Place is so high that it over-looks the whole *Island of Love*; insomuch that one has always one's Misfortunes before one's Eyes, and can't help seeing the Places through which one has pass'd, and this it is that makes me miserable, for which Way soever I turn, I find always some Objects which recall my past Happiness to my Remembrance.

I have now languish'd here for some Time, and at last consider'd that you wou'd have some Reason to complain of me, dear *Bellamour*, if I did not let you hear from me before my Death. Farewell, mourn my Misfortune, perhaps you may one Day stand in need of the same Consolation.

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A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
ISLAND OF MARRIAGE.

**T**HE Country which I am going to describe to you, is an Island of a vast Extent, and indisputably the most populous of any Country in the Universe. There is no Possibility of entering it, but in Couples, a Man and a Woman, whence it happens, that there is always an equal Number of both Sexes therein : For, no sooner has any one set his Foot in it, but there is a strong Guard placed continually at the Mouths of the Harbours, which prevents all Persons whatsoever, from stirring from thence, but on Condition of having their Partners carried to the Grave, and being themselves transported to the *Peninsula of Widowhood*, which is at one of the Ends of the Island.

Nor is this Precaution needless ; for were it not for these Guards, this Island, as populous as it is, would soon be a meer Desert ; for, notwithstanding Thousands of Strangers are flocking thither every Day from all Parts, being induced thereunto by the Spirit of Curiosity, the first Ruin of Mankind, it is very certain that most of the Inhabitants would soon swarm out again by Millions, did not these numerous Guards render it impracticable.

There

There is no Way to arrive at this vast Region, but by two Ports: the one whereof is called *Interest*, and the other *Love*. The first of these is a *trading Port*, full of immense Riches, where *Fathers* and *Mothers* keep a *perpetual Fair*, to *put off* their *Daughters*, who are set out for Sale in their Warehouses, and are disposed of for good round Sums in ready Money. But there is one Thing very particular in the Way of trading of these Gentry; for whereas other Dealers expect Money in Return for their Goods, these give a handsome Price to those who will take their Merchandize off their Hands. The Port of *Interest* is *open* on all Sides, and one may enter it with any Wind.

The other is a most agreeable Port, abounding with all imaginable Pleasures: The People live there in a perpetual Spring, and the Trees, which are ever green, are always full of Birds, which make the Air resound with their Love inspiring Harmony. The only Wind that carries into this Port, is a gentle Gale called *Sighs*, and one always enters therein with Delight; but very often before one can get in, there arises *sudden Hurricanes*, which come from the high Mountain of *Parents*, drive the Vessels back into open Sea, and prevent their putting into Port. Nevertheless when the above-mentioned Gale is good, and perseveres constantly in blowing from the Region of *Sighs*, it seldom fails of getting the better of *these Hurricanes*, and bringing Passengers safe into Harbour.

When one comes first within Sight of this Island, and takes a View of it afar off, before one's entering the Port, nothing can seem either more inviting, or more agreeable. One is entertain'd on all Sides with enchanting Prospects, that form beautiful Landscips to distant Beholders, and deceive the Eye most egregiously; but no sooner has one once set Foot ashore, but in Proportion as one advances up into the Country, one perceives that those Plains, which seemed before, when at a Di-

D

stance,



stance, to be covered with a lively Verdure, to be enamelled with Flowers, and to flourish with all the Beauties of the jolly Spring, are overspread with Briars and Thorns, and full of dark and melancholly Vales, divided by Torrents, and Precipices, abounding with intricate and perplexing Roads, that are crossed by Morasses, which render them unpassable. One finds also that those beautiful rising Grounds, which one fancied covered with little verdant Groves, are nothing but Heaps of steep Rocks, between the mournful Cypresses, which overshadow them; besides which, they are full of wild Beasts, Dragons, and Serpents.

Thus 'tis evident that this Island affords two very different Prospects; one, which is very agreeable, to those who have not yet set Foot thereon, and only view it at a Distance; and another, which is highly disagreeable, to those who have run themselves wilfully into that Confinement, and who are no sooner intralld therein, but they offer up their most ardent Vows, for that dear Liberty, which they have given up so imprudently; insomuch that it is just the same with them, as with the Goldfinch and the Cage.

*How sweet to warble in a Cage,  
 And with soft Notes our Cares t'assuage!  
 All's there provided at our Need,  
 Pure limpid Stream, good wholesome Seed;  
 A kind She too, with whom to play,  
 And sing and sport the Hours away:  
 Thus said a Goldfinch blithe, when he  
 Incag'd, a Linnet once did see,  
 (Himself mean while at Liberty) }  
 With chearful Note, and joyous Sound,  
 Who made his Prison Walls resound.  
 So Damon when one Day he 'spy'd,  
 A blooming Virgin, Nature's Pride, }  
 With Extasy and Rapture cry'd:*

*Thrice*

Thrice happy I beyond Mankind,  
 Were I but to that Fair One join'd,  
 In an indissoluble Tye,  
 With her to live, with her to die.  
 But neither Cage nor Marriage State,  
 E'er shew their Evils 'till too late;  
 Nor Birds, nor Men, find out their Cheat,  
 'Till they are in, and past Retreat,  
 O you, who burn with am'rous Fire,  
 Wou'd you still keep alive Desire,  
 And add fresh Fuel to the Flame,  
 Still love, but never wed the Dame.

The Inhabitants of this Island are at perpetual War with those of the *Isle of Amathontis*, or of *Lovers* which lies very near them: I shall describe in the Sequel, after what Manner their Wars are carried on; but first, it will be necessary to give a Description of the different Inhabitants of the *Isle of Marriage*.

Towards the *East*, and inclining a little to the *South*, one may see another *Island*, separated by a great Arm of the Sea, which holds no Manner of Correspondence with our *Isle*; it is called *Polygamy*: The *Mahometans* have usurped to themselves the Possession thereof, and our rigid Laws forbid our so much as touching thereat, on the most severe Penalties.

Not but that there have sometimes been Travellers, who have been so curious as to take a Trip thither, either out of a Frolick, or out of Love, and have obtained Admittance there by some Stratagem: But nevertheless they have not been able to effect this, without embroiling themselves with the Courts of Justice, and unless one has as much Gold to throw away as my Lord M——d, one runs the Hazard of taking a Voyage with Count Caboon, to the *Chequer-Inn*, in *Newgate-Street*.

The

The *Mahometans* then are left in peaceable Possession of the *Isle of Polygamy*, and they have accordingly caused the following Verses to be cut in Golden Letters upon a Marble which is placed at the Head of the Pier of their Harbour.

*To satisfy Love's raging Flames,  
We Mussulmans wed twenty Dames;  
Although, we own the strongest He,  
More than enough, will find one She:  
But this with us a Rule we make,  
'Tis not too much a Score to take,  
So that among them we can find,  
One Wife that's gen'rous, just, and kind.*

The Island of *Marriage* is divided into five Provinces, which have each of them a Capital City, and several little Towns dependent thereon. Four of these Provinces extend themselves along the four Sea Coasts, but the largest, which is chiefly peopled by the Colonies that flock thither from the other four, is in the Center of the Island, the Government whereof it has usurped, through the prodigious Number of its Inhabitants.

These four Provinces which lye along the Sea Coasts, are inhabited by the *Discreet*, the *Ill matched*, the *Ill-at-Ease*, and the *Jealous*: The Head Province, which is in the Middle, is the famous *Cuckoldsbire*, whose Capital is the well-known *Hornborough*. But besides these five Provinces, there are likewise two *Peninsulas*, the one of *Widowhood*, the other of *Divorce*, which have taken up two Necks of Land, at two Ends of this Island.

The Province of the *Discreet*, who were formerly called the *Faithful*, extends itself along the whole *Eastern Coast*. Its Capital City is called *Sophia*; its Buildings are modest and regular, its Fortifications good, and capable of making a resolute Defence; it is water'd by *Chastity*, which is a River, whose pure Stream flows softly,

softly, and without Noise, although in its Course, it is enlarged by the Waters of four Rivulets, called *Piety*, *Austerity*, *Morality*, and *Vigilance*: These have nothing agreeable in them, because they only run in Meanders, and their Sides are every where covered with Briars, and Thickets, which prevent the Incursions of the Scouts of *Amathontis*, who might otherwise attempt to land there.

The Governour of this City is *Prince Integrity*, and my Lord *Honour* is the Civil Magistrate; their Churches are always open, they live there with Frugality, and enjoy no Pleasures but what are innocent. The Publick Walks where they take the Air, are all planted with *Linden* Trees, that are sprung from those into which *Baucis* and *Philemon* were changed; and all their Fences are Pallisadoes of *Laurel*, sprung from the chaste *Daphne*.

Nevertheless as delightful and well governed as this City is, one can scarcely imagine how very few Inhabitants there are therein; and were it not for the *Prudes*, who have found the Means to get Admittance into it, under the borrowed Mask of Virtue, this Province would be almost a Desert.

These *Prudes* then possess the largest Part of this City, and inhabit a Quarter, which is separated from the others by the *Obscure*, a little River overshadowed with Trees, which shield it from the Beams of the Sun, and disembogues itself into the *Black Sea*.

Their Houses on the Outside, are not to be distinguished from those of the *Discreet*; but when my Lord *Honour* goes from Time to Time, and makes a narrow Inspection into the Inside of their Tenements, he finds so vast a Difference between their outward Appearance, and their Management within Doors, that he is often forced to banish them, and to send large Colonies of them to people the Head Province.

The Metropolis being so poorly inhabited, it may be well



well thought the Country-Towns and Villages are yet worse. In effect, one meets only with a few scattered up and down, and almost without Inhabitants; and even these are of such a churlish untractable Temper, that a Passenger is hard put to it to find a Lodging.

Although those who are really *discreet*, are *haughty* and *reserved*, they behave themselves with yet less Haughtiness than the *Prudes*; there are no People in the World who extol their own Merit to such a Degree as they, or make such a Noise about their Virtue, insomuch that they treat all their Neighbours with the utmost Contempt: But although they affect to seem wonderfully intrepid, and to be eager for the Combat, they often prove not to be so brave, as they would be thought by their Discourse; and the *Amathontins* seldom attempt to invade their Territories, without making considerable Havock among them.

Even amongst the real *Discreet*, one may find two different Sorts; one of these are so through a Principle of Honour, and are always as chearful as they are invincible; but there are others, whose Chastity is more owing to their Vanity, than their Virtue; these have always a fullen Gravity in their Looks, which sufficiently demonstrates, that they are not at all pleased with their Condition.

As little inhabited as the Country is, and as severe as the Laws of their Government are, it does not prevent some, and those even of the *most Discreet*, from removing daily into the Head Province; for, in short, Virtue, as well as the Mind, grows weary of too intense an Application to one Point, and is apt to abate of its first Severity; but those who stay behind, look upon these Deserters with Contempt, for which Reason, they have set up the following Inscription over the Front of their principal Gate.

*Ye virtuous Fair, our Island's Pride,  
Whose sterling Honour often try'd,  
Has always made a brave Defence ;  
Hither without Distrust repair,  
Here you may live secure from Fear,  
Arm'd Cap-a pee with Innocence.  
What tho' we are in Number few ?  
We're all intrepid, staunch, and true,  
Nor Treachery, nor Ambush dread.  
Nor need we 'gainst our Honour's Foes,  
Implore the feeble Aid of Those,  
Who basely from our Colours fled.*

On the opposite Side of the Island, that is on the *Western Coast*, is the whimsical, and unaccountable Province of the *Ill-match'd*: The Metropolis of this Province is called the *Old Town*. None of the Buildings of this City have any Conformity with one another, nor is there any Manner of Symmetry observed therein ; in-somuch that one may often see a great Gate to a small House, and a diminutive Wicket to a spacious Palace. It is watered by two Rivers, one whereof is called the *Fantasque*, and the other the *Clandestine*: The one is a River consisting wholly of Cascades, and heaving every Moment with Violence, down Precipices, and the other a rapid Torrent, which being ashamed of showing itself, runs impetuously under Ground, but notwithstanding the Care it takes to hide its Course, cannot prevent its being discovered, by a hollow Noise it makes in flowing.

As soon as one has set Foot within the Gates of this City, one hears nothing but the Cries and Complaints of Children, whom either an old Mother has sacrificed to a young Rake, or whom an old Debauchee has given up as Victims to a young Coquet. Here the Master of a Family marries his Cook Maid, and there an old Bel-  
dame

dame of Quality takes to Husband her *Valet de Chambre*, and solemnizes in her own Chapel a Ceremony, which serves only to add fresh Shame to her Licentiousness.

At the Gates of this City grows that famous Wood, mentioned by the bantering Doctor in the Play. The Trees, he says of this Wood, bear the Heads of all Sorts of Iron Tools, and the Earth underneath produces proper Handles wherewith to fit them up; but it often happens, that when the Iron is at full Growth, and falls, instead of meeting with a Handle that would be proper for it, it drops upon one that matches it most preposterously: For Instance, the Head of a Scythe falls upon the Handle of a Pike, the Head of a Halberd upon the Helve of a Hatchet, and so of all the rest, insomuch that not one of them meets with a Handle suitable to its Purpose.

It is just the same Case with those who make Matches so disproportionable, either for Age or Quality, that they only render themselves a Laughing Stock to every one who hears thereof; I would have all Persons therefore remember this as an infallible Truth:

*On equal Hinges turns the Marriage State,  
No Happiness therein's allowed by Fate,  
Too great a Disproportion if there be,  
In Fortune, Humour, Age or Quality.*

For although it is a very common Saying, and almost grown into a Proverb, *That Love will unite the most distant Extrems in its Center*; it is only in Love Affairs that this Union must be understood to be effected with Pleasure; but when the indissoluble Tye of Matrimony is in the Case, the Proverb will be found no longer to hold good.

Upon the *Southern Coast* of this Island, is the Province of the *Ill-at-Ease*, whose Capital City is *Short-Allowance*,

*ance*, under the Command of Colonel *Hard Fare*. The Inhabitants of this Country are melancholly and fretful; the Houses are but Cottages, which the Want of Belly-Timber unfurnishes by little and little; the Kitchens all lye open to the *North Wind*, and the People therein have little else to do, but to blow their Fingers. The City is watered by *Famine*, a sorry little Brook, which only runs murmuring over a Parcel of Flint-Stones, and does not afford the smallest little Fish; the barren Fields yield nothing but Straw, and the Vines nought but sower and distasteful Grapes.

Notwithstanding this miserable Want of necessary Provision, most Part of the Inhabitants, and especially the Women, will cheat their Bellies of the little they can afford, to bestow it upon a deceitful Dress, which conceals their inward Necessities under a Disguise of an easy Outside: But this Desire of Finery, beyond what they can afford, and the Cries of a half starved Belly, makes these Inhabitants leave this miserable Country with Pleasure, and flock in large Colonies, to people the Head Province, and endeavour to help the Barrenness of their Lands, by the kindly Showers of Gold that fall from the Pockets of their Lovers.

*Gallants, who study Night and Day,  
To gain fresh Conquests o'er the Fair,  
The coyest she will fall a Prey,  
When her own Wants first lay the Snare.*

On the *Northern Coast* of the *Isle of Marriage* lies the Province of the *Jealous*, whose Capital City is situated on the Middle of Mount *Chimæra*, just in that Part which the Antients said was inhabited by *Bulls* and *Goats*, the Top being possessed by *Lions*, and the Bottom by *Serpents*; which gave Rise to the Fable of its being composed of three Natures. But the Poets, who were wretched Geographers, have mistaken its Situation,  
since



since it is certainly in this Province that Mount *Chimæra* is situated.

The Metropolis of the *Jealous* is called *False Belief*; it is water'd by *Anxiety*, which is a River, whose deep yellow Stream serves the Inhabitants as a deceitful and fallacious Looking Glass, and fills their Heads with *horned* Visions, by representing Things to them in a quite different Manner from what they are in Reality. But besides the delusive Nature of the Water of this River, the Inhabitants, in Imitation of the *Antojos* amongst the *Spaniards*, never stir a Step without wearing upon their Noses great Spectacles made of *magnifying* Glass, which magnifies all Objects to that Degree, that the smallest Fly seems to them like an Elephant, and every Atom appears to be a Pair of large *Brow-Antlers*.

These People are the most Savage of any in the whole Island, and their Country is the most rugged and unpas-sable: It is wholly overspread with steep Mountains, covered with impenetrable Woods, gloomy Vales, and barren Plains; wherefore none but the Native Inhabitants can dwell therein, neither would the *Jealous* suffer them if they cou'd, and much less the *Amathontins*, than any others; because they are firmly persuaded, that they find some Means or other, to accomplish their Designs every where.

The Capital City, altho' situated on the Side of a Hill, stands nevertheless in a very obscure Place, and is overshadowed with Mountains on every Side. There is no Way to it but by narrow difficult Roads, full of watchful Centinels, whose Eyes are never both closed at one Time, but the one wakes while the other sleeps. They caused formerly the following Inscription to be set up upon a high Post, that was erected for that Purpose, beyond the *Glacis* of their Fortifications.

*Deceivers, Sly, Gallants, away,  
This is no Place for you to stay;*

*Yourselves*

*Yourselfes who value on base Arts,  
To circumvent weak Women's Hearts:  
This City is forbidden Ground,  
March off, nor in these Parts be found;  
You may indeed the Outworks view,  
But all within's forbidden you.*

The *Amathontis* being nettled at the presumptuous Confidence of these Verses, march'd thither one Night, blotted them out, and substituted these following in their Room.

*When once two Hearts which burn with mutual Fires,  
With prudent Care conceal their fierce Desires,  
The subtlest He no easy Task will find,  
To part that Pair whom ardent Love has join'd.  
In vain a Fool may watch them up and down,  
He'll scratch his Horns at last, and fighting own,  
When Wife and Spark are firm combin'd to gull you,  
Do what you please, you'll find yourself their Cully.*

The Streets of this City are extreamly lightsome, and very strait, to the End that one may be able to have a clear View of all that is transacted therein, from one End to the other; but the Houses are extreamly dark, having but few Windows, and those very small, and cross barr'd: The Inhabitants are mighty grave, and hold very little Correspondence with their Neighbours.

Although the City be pretty Populous, one sees very few Folks in the Streets, and the Husbands beat the Tat-Too very early, to call their Wives home in good Time, before the Dusk of the Evening exposes them to any Surprize: They are an odd sort of Mortals; they are perpetually upon Thorns, and one may see them hurry out, and return in again, every Minute, with the utmost Abruptness, their Eyes staring all the while, and  
their

their Ears pricked up, with the utmost Attention and Anguish.

They apply to themselves every Word that is spoken ; and tremble at the Sight of a Man of Gallantry, as much as a Dove at the Sight of a Hawk : Then it is that they are very diverting, by the Ridiculousness and Folly of their Uneasiness ; which is so far from being of any Service to them, that they themselves contribute most to the Success of their Enemies Affairs, by their perpetual teasing and provoking those, whom they would defend from their Attacks : Since it is certain, that nothing contributes more to the Conquest of a Gallant, than the Reasons one gives a Wife to revenge herself of one's ill Usage ; and I have known those whose Pleasure has received a more exquisite Relish, by the extravagant Humours and Caprices of a jealous Cuckold.

'Tis said that one Day, a pretty large Colony of these *jealous* Husbands, were obliged to remove all together into the Head Province, and that by a very whimsical and merry Accident. An *Amathontin*, who had found Means to steal into their Quarters, took it in his Head to post up the following Verses, in the principal Square of the City.

*Cease, jealous Fools, your Storming, cease,  
Which does but your own Woes increase,  
And add fresh Fuel to our Fires,  
To tease your Spouses Night and Day,  
Believe me, is the ready Way,  
To make them yield to loose Desires.  
Your unkind Blows, to tender Wives,  
Your causeless Brawls, and restless Lives,  
In everlasting Discord spent ;  
Will to yourselves most fatal prove,  
Will kindle Hate, instead of Love,  
And forward what you'd most prevent.*

Hereupon

Hereupon one of the Inhabitants, who having a Flea in his Ear, happened to rise earlier than the Rest, and had some Business in that Square; went thither, found these Verses, tore them down that Instant, hurried Home directly with all Speed, and thresh'd his Wife most enormously: This done, he handed them about very carefully from Door to Door amongst all his Neighbours; who taking each of them the Thing to himself, treated his Rib just in the same Manner as the first Coxcomb; but notwithstanding all the Vigilance of these Noodles, every one of the Women concerted their Measures so well together, that they were fully revenged of them, the very Night following; insomuch that next Morning when they awoke, all these *jealous Coxcombs* found themselves in *Cuckoldshire*, without having ever dreamed of it, and were irrecoverably entered upon the Register of the Head-Province.

I have already observed that this City is watered by the River *Anxiety*, which is a large River, navigable from its very Spring. Its Waters have this Property, that they deprive one of Sleep; it yields no other Fish but *Gudgeons*, which the *Amathontins* often prevail on these *jealous* Gentry to swallow. The City is extremely strong and inaccessible; the Walls, which are at least as thick as those built by *Semiramis*, are surrounded on all Sides by this deep River; so that there is no approaching the City, but by a Bridge that is laid over the River, beyond which is a narrow Causey, fortified with six strong Batteries, well guarded, which lead up to the only Gate there is, insomuch that no *Amathontin* can pass, but by the Help of some Disguise. But as there are no People in the World that are more ingenious than this Nation, some of them perpetually find the Means to get into the City, which they seldom leave without making a terrible Havock.

Having given an Account of the four Nations that inhabit the Sea Coast, Order next requires me to mention



the Head Province of *Cuckoldshire*, and its numerous Inhabitants, who by a very just *Antonomasia* have assumed to themselves the Name of *Cuckolds*.

The Capital of this Province, is called *Hornborough*, and is at least as large as *London*, to which it bears a very great Resemblance; but like the antient *Thebes*, it has an Hundred Gates, that it may be able to give Entrance to the prodigious Concourse of New-comers, who daily flock thither from all Parts: All the World having a Title to a Freedom there, from the greatest Emperor to the most Scoundrel Blackguard; and as soon as his Spouse pleases, the Husband puts in his Claim, and enters into Possession in Right of his Wife. In short, this City, and indeed the whole Province has the same Property as the *Sea* and the *Gallows*, for it *refuses none*, from the *Prince* to the *Beggar*. It has been observed indeed by some, in Exception to this, that there never was *Pope*, *Cardinal*, *Jesuit*, nor *Priest* in all this Province, I suppose, because they don't care for the Company of People of such bad Principles; but then, to make Amends, there have been abundance of Rosy-cheek'd Protestant Divines, especially *A-b-ps*, *B-p-s*, and *dignified Clergymen*, against whom no Exception has ever been made, they being always very welcome Guests.

This City is situated in the Midst of a large and fertile Plain, abounding with all the Pleasures and Delicacies that can be wished for in Life; the *Paëtolus* runs quite thro' the Midst of it, and its fruitful Streams, which abound with golden Sand, divide it exactly in two. My Lord *Ready Money*, a Grandee of *Spain*, and formerly Vice Roy of *Peru*, is Governor thereof; the *Jupiters* also of the *Treasury*, who can convert themselves into *Golden Showers*, bear great Sway there, it being from their powerful Body that the Magistracy are yearly chose; for which Reason they have caused the following Inscription to be set over the Front of their Town-Hall.

*Whene'er*

*When'er We Lovers sue in vain,  
And neither Sighs nor Vows avail,  
To move the Fair to ease our Pain,  
The Golden Key will never fail.*

Each Side of the *Pactolus* is divided into two Quarters; infomuch that the whole City consists of four Parts, inhabited by four Sorts of Citizens, who from their different Characters are called by different Names: These are, the *Contented*, the *Frantick*, the *Incredulous*, and the *imaginary Cuckolds*.

The *Contented Cuckolds* dwell in a Quarter which they have named the *Land of Plenty*; they are a good Sort of People, with whom a Man may do what he will, and who withdraw commodiously, and without Noise, as soon as ever a Lover appears. They would be very sorry ever to interrupt the Pleasures of those who do them the Honour to visit their Wives: Their Word of Battle is, *Let Pleasure be free, I consent*. This jovial Humour is visible in all their Looks, Words, and Actions: there is nothing to be seen at their Houses but Dancing and Feasting perpetually, Operas, Balls, Masquerades, Hunting Matches, and Parties of Pleasure, of all which they are sure to be Partakers. The City is neither fortified with Walls, Gates, or Draw Bridges, on their Side: amongst them every one lives without Constraint, and without Jealousy; their only Care being after what Manner they shall divert themselves, provided it is at the Expence of the *Amathontins*; who are never better pleased than when they are among these good People, although they never fail to send them by Degrees to an Hospital, in order to make Room for others: For Lovers are, in one Respect, like Fish, *the freshest are always the best*. And to the End that no Body may be ignorant of the free and communicative Temper of those Gentry, Care has been taken to have these Verses

engraven on a large Plate of Gold, and to have them set up in the Midst of the principal Square.

*With us all lead contented Lives,  
None e'er conceal their soft Desires;  
But Gallants, Husbands, and their Wives,  
Burn openly with mutual Fires.  
For what does Secrecy avail,  
To guard a buxom Female's Honour?  
The watchfullst Husband's Care will fail,  
When once the loving Fit's upon her.  
To yield to Fate is then the best,  
And we the wisest Method follow;  
We drink, we feast, we take our Rest,  
And in Delights and Riches wallow.  
Ye jealous Fools, whose empty Pride,  
Makes you esteem our Conduct base,  
Had you but once the Difference try'd,  
Your selves you'd soon wish in our Place.  
With Doubts and Fears, for ever cross'd,  
How much less happy Days d'ye pass!  
And who lives at another's Cost,  
Is not, I am sure, the greatest Ass.*

Over against these *Contented Cuckolds*, and on the other Side of a large Brook that parts them, are the *Frantick Cuckolds*, who have taken up their Residence in that Quarter of the Town where *Cuckoldom* has erected her *Bedlam*.

This Quarter which is called the Quarter of the *Pazzi*, is inhabited by those Fools, who take a Pleasure in publishing their own Shame, in making the Courts of Justice ring with their ridiculous Complaints, and diverting the Publick with the continual Farce of their Extravagancies. All their Recreation is in bedaubing themselves with Filth, and giving themselves abundance of Trouble, and that at a vast Charge, in order to convince the Courts  
of

of Justice of their having suffered a Disgrace, which they ought rather, if possible, to endeavour to unknove themselves, and with the Fruits of which the honest Lawyers feast themselves very merrily.

These extravagant Wretches are divided into two Classes, whereof the one have taken up their Quarters in the Hospital of the *Curables*; these are such, as after a fruitless Clamour, which has rendered them for some Time the Talk and Jest of the Town, begin to recover their Senses, and say, that all Things rightly considered, taking one Woman with another, they still like their own Wives best.

The others, who are lodged in a different, and yet less agreeable Quarter, are those *incurable Lunatics*, who under the Direction of a *hornified* Physician, ride full Speed to lay their Bones in an Alms House, by making themselves a Prey to a senseless Obstinacy, and being the continual Bubbles of the Vultures and Harpies of the Law.

The Desolation of their Families, the Confinement of their Wives, the disowning and bastardizing of their own Children, with an inexhaustible Fund of Law Suits entailed one upon another, are the necessary Consequences of their Frenzy; and the Countenance they find as long as they have Money wherewith to feed the hungry Lawyers, is what contributes to their Intatuation, and compleats their Ruin, to all Intents and Purposes.

One may see them always in a Fury, with their Eyes swelled out of their Heads, and their Faces in a Flame, running from Attorney to Attorney, and from Council to Council, hunting for, and hiring, at a vast Expence, false Witnesses, who cover all them with Ignominy, stopping their Ears against all the good Counsel that is given them, and shutting their Eyes against all the Examples of those who have recovered their Senses. But of all these mad Wretches, none sure was ever more



distracted, than he over whose Door they passed up the following Verses.

*Pinchwife, the maddest of the horned Train,  
Drunk with the Fumes that cloud his empty Brain,  
Consumes in Law the Income of a Lord,  
To be allowed a Cuckold on Record.  
Yet tell him, He's a Fool, and that the Town,  
Laugh at his Clamour, and deride his Moan;  
That ev'ry prudent Man in such a Case,  
Endeavours to keep secret his Disgrace;  
Go preach to such a Wretch! as well you might,  
Attempt to wash an Æthiopian white.*

On the other Side of the *Paetolus* are the *Imaginary Cuckolds*, who believe themselves to be what they are not, and the *Incredulous Cuckolds*, who are not to be convinced that they are what they really are: These are two Sorts of Citizens, of very different Tempers; the first resolving to be Inhabitants of this City in Spite of all that could be done to prevent them; and the others being to the last Degree astonished at their being made free thereof, without having any Title to it, as they are pleased to flatter themselves. The Houses of these Two Sorts of Citizens, whose Tempers are so very different, are seperated by a Rivulet called the *Perverse*, whose Waters are so muddy and so thick, that the Eye cannot discover what lies at the Bottom.

The *Incredulous* are only so, because they repose too intire, and to implicit a Confidence in whatever their artful Wives endeavour to make them believe; they live contented, and at Quiet, but not like those *contented Ones* in that Quarter called the *Land of Plenty*, who both know of, give Consent to, and pocket up their *Horns*, in order to reap their own Benefit from it, but by the Means of an indolent Ignorance, that keeps them from all Uneasiness.

Whilst

Whilst the Day lasts, their whole Employment is to enjoy a sweet and peaceable Repose in the Forest of *Confidence*, a Place that is impenetrable by the Rays of the Sun, and not within the reach of the Noise of the City. The one might in vain beat all their Drums, and sound all their Trumpets, yet would it never in the least disturb their Ears; and the other might shine out with the greatest Lustre, and diffuse all his brightest Rays around the Globe to as little Purpose, since it would not have the least Effect upon their Eyes. Happy they in their peaceful Indolence! But more happy still the artful Gipsies, who have brought them to such a Pass!

There is nothing to be seen in this Quarter, but mutual Pleasure and Endearments between the Husbands and Wives; the one with an entire Confidence, think they can neither find Words obliging enough, or Caresses tender enough to thank their Dears for a Fidelity, which they are far from keeping; and the subtle Baggages, the more they deceive them, the more they redouble their Wheedling, their Caresses, and all Manner of fond and ensnaring Endearments.

On the contrary, that Quarter which is inhabited by the *Imaginary Cuckolds*, differs widely from this in every Particular; the People there are morose, quarrellsome, and unfociable; one may observe them always upon their Guard against every Body, and both Sexes are equally subject to this Vertigo. Nothing there is to be heard, but Quarrels and Reproaches; the one are perpetually troubled with the *Spleen*, and the others with the *Vapours*; their very Children fall Sacrifices to this reciprocal Caprice; even the most legitimate are looked upon as Bastard Grafts; every Thing there is misconstrued, and they judge of nothing without Prejudice. One cannot so much as set a Foot in the Streets, without finding a prodigious Number falling together by the Ears, and  
the

the honest Man in the Play, \* who interposed impertinently between the *Faggot-Maker* and his Wife, in order to bring them to a Reconciliation, would have found full Employment there, in meddling between the Bark and the Tree.

In short, these People are absolutely incorrigible; for, although the Goddess of Reason once sent the famous *Moliere* to them, from the *Contented Witalls* of the *Land of Plenty*, in order to convince them of their Infatuation, by drawing an admirable Picture of the Extravagance of their imaginations, he could never succeed in the Cure he had undertaken, and their Brains remained as much addled as ever; wherefore some Time after they were complimented with the following Verses.

*When real Ills upon us fall,  
If not felt, they're no Ills at all;  
Nor do they cause much Grief or Pain:  
But they whom fancied Ills oppress,  
Sworn Foes to their own Happiness,  
Are blest with Health and Wealth in vain.  
Incurable is their Disease,  
In vain one strives to give them Ease,  
E'en Remedies themselves offend;  
And all the fruitful Pains we take,  
On their sick Brain a Cure to make,  
T'exasperate them only tend.*

As *Hornborough*, although it is of a vast Extent, is far from being large enough to contain that prodigious Number of Inhabitants, who have actually an incontestable Right to a Freedom there, the Country round about swarms with the meaner Sort, who leave the City for Courtiers, Commissioners of the Treasury and Customs, Gentlemen of Estates, great Merchants, substan-

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\* *The Mock Doctor.*

tial Tradesmen, and some Officers of the Army; but above all for an infinite Number of *Gown Men*, whose Profession marks them out for a *Head Piece of Horn-Work*, which they very seldom fail to wear.

Having thus given an Account of the whole Body of the Island, there remains now only two little Districts to be described, which are two Peninsula's that run out into the Sea; the one, which is on a Neck of Land towards the *North*, is the Promontory of *Divorce*, and the other, which is on another towards the *South*, is the Promontory of *Widowhood*.

The Peninsula of *Divorce*, is only separated from the Isle of *Marriage*, by a very narrow *Isthmus*, through which it is pretty difficult to pass. It is called the *Isthmus of Corinth*, and from thence came the Proverb, that every Body is not allowed to go to *Corinth*; that is to say, that every Body is not allowed a Passage into the *Peninsula of Divorce*.

The Extravagance of an old Chancellour of a Diocess, who was desirous of rendering this Passage more easy, induced him formerly to constitute an imprudent, filthy, and brutal Giant, called my Lord *Congress*, Superintendent of this *Isthmus*. This was a *Curious* and *Shameless Wretch*, who in order to remove the Difficulties of this Passage, rendered *Impotent*, (by obliging them to be perform'd in Publick,) the *Conjugal Efforts* of those Husbands, who would have hindered their Wives from removing into this *Peninsula*. The Modesty of the Moderns, wou'd no longer suffer this filthy Lord to expose the Combatants to this Shame and Infamy, wherefore they have cashier'd this ridiculous Superintendant; but in Return, the artful *Amathontins* have brought into Play another Enchantress, who has been introduced under the Name of *Separation*, and they have supported her so well, that she makes few Attempts without Success.

It is she who now peoples the *Peninsula of Divorce*, because the River *Repudiate*, whereby they formerly arrived



rived thither, is no longer navigable ; thus by removing a small Evil which produced a great Good, they have introduced a small Good, which does not prevent a great Evil.

This little Country has neither Towns nor Villages ; all the Houses are separated from each other like Hermitages ; and to take a View off it from the neighbouring Eminencies, one wou'd fancy it actually the Abode of some Anchorets. But the Solitude and Melancholy of these Desarts, is mightily alleviated, by the frequent Intercourse of the *Amathontis*, who take abundance of Delight therein, and find the Means to administer agreeable Consolation to the solitary Inhabitants. Above all, this is the Place where the Gentlemen of the long Robe gain the most Triumphs ; for as the Fair Sex cannot get over the Difficulties that obstruct this Passage, without the Assistance of those who wear that Robe, their first Care is always to provide themselves of a Protector, who may remove all Obstacles.

The Inhabitants of this Country are not beloved by those in the Isle of *Marriage* ; but when the latter take upon them to blame their Conduct, they have an Answer ready, which is as follows.

*Full happily, tho' something late,  
We're freed from the cursed Marriage State,  
That Bane and Torment of our Lives ;  
You who've of late put on those Chains,  
And blame our Conduct, count your Gains,  
When your new Dears are grown meer Wives.  
A little Patience, we beseech,  
E'er you begin to us to preach,  
And you e'er long will surely find,  
That even they who fare the best,  
And envoy'd are by all the rest,  
Are far from Blest in their own Mind.*

Al-

Although these *Divorces* are most commonly demanded by the Women, the Men sometimes don't fail to take Advantage thereof, and several Husbands have even found the Means to provoke their Wives artfully to sue for them, and then pretending to oppose it, they suffer themselves to be cast, like *Ovid's* Mistress, who was overcome (as he says) by her own Treachery. This made one of those, who had got rid of his Matrimonial Burthen by this Artifice, and had obtained a Place in this Solitude, have the Picture of a Ship in a Storm drawn in *Fresco* in his Cell, and the Pilot calling out to the Sailors to fling over board all the heaviest Luggage, in Obedience to which Order, one of them takes up his Wife, and throws her into the Sea, with the following Lines at the Bottom of the Picture:

*Whilst th' angry Waves run Mountains high,  
And o'er the shatter'd Vessel break,  
Throw over board, the Sailors cry,  
Your heaviest Goods for all's at Stake.  
Pleas'd with this Order to comply,  
I to the Floods commit my Wife,  
For sure I am that never I,  
Had heavier Goods in all my Life.*

The other *Peninsula* is that of *Widowhood*, which is upon a Promontory that lies towards the *South*, and is only separated from the rest of the Island, by a very narrow Neck of Land, which is wholly taken up by a magnificent *Mausoleum*, built after the Model of that of Queen *Artemisa*; insomuch that there is no passing for any one from the Isle of Marriage, to the District of *Widowhood*, but through this Tomb, by the Means of a subterraneous Vault, that is contrived under it.

The Inhabitants always make their Entrance there in Mourning, and they live there in Joy and Pleasure; the Air of this Country, which every one there breaths with  
Freedom,

Freedom, being the most consolatory in the World. Nevertheless, all the Inhabitants are not able to relish it with Pleasure, and Satisfaction ; for there comes a Wind, from the Coast of a certain little Province of the Island, called *Binubia*, whose malignant Atoms cause *new Itchings*, which create such Uneasiness, as those that are troubled therewith, believe they can have no Cure for, without going to *Binubia*, and breathing the Air of that Place.

One cannot re enter the Island of *Marriage*, but by this Coast, which makes a little seperate Province, and has even some particular Laws, which are not observed in the other Provinces.

In order to set sail for this little Country of *Binubia*, the Inhabitants of the Peninsula of *Widowhood*, must embark at a certain little Port, which has taken its Name from the celebrated *Ephesian* Matron, because it was there she took shipping with her Soldier, in order to set sail for *Binubia*. Nevertheless several Persons have given it the Name of *Evil Counsel*, although the Marble, that is at the Foot of an old Statue which is placed there, gives very *good Counsel* in the following Verses, which are to be seen thereon.

*Why will you part with that dear Liberty,  
Which you've so sigh'd for, and so dearly bought ?  
Why run again into that Slavery,  
Whence fortunately you by Death was brought ?  
From Shipwrack once escap'd the prudent Man,  
When he's arriv'd safe at his wish'd for Port,  
Tempts he the Dangers of the Sea again,  
To make himself of Winds and Waves the Sport ?*

And on the other Side of the Marble, one may read these other Verses.

*Whoe'er,*

*Who'er, once freed from Marriage Chain,  
Hamper themselves therein again,  
Incorrigible write them down,  
A Title they can't well disown;  
And I, with all my Soul consent,  
To doom them to the Punishment,  
Those barden'd Culprits must expect,  
Whom Mercy shewn will not affect.*

'Tis impossible to imagine with what violent Fits of Laughter, what cutting Raillery, the Inhabitants of *Widowhood* banter those who set out for *Binubia*; they hire an infinite Number of Hawkers, who are perpetually hollowing in their Ears, *A Warning to all old Widows, who marry second Husbands. The lamentable History and Downfal of the old Widower, who married his Cook maid; come a Half penny a Piece, a Half-penny a Piece*; and a Thousand other such biting Jest, in Derision to those, who have not the Resolution to keep themselves in that happy State, which perhaps they have ardently wish'd for a hundred Times, before the happy Minute of their Deliverance came.

But the People of *Binubia*, who have often been themselves the first, to rally those whom they have afterwards follow'd, give, once for all, the following Answer to those who stay behind.

*Patience, too soon your Bliss you boast,  
Perhaps you count without your Host;  
Already once the Fool you've p'ay'd,  
And may again, you're not yet dead.*

And perhaps they are not very much in the Wrong, when they answer them in this Manner; for it frequently happens that we fall into that very same Error, for which we have been the first to reprehend others;

F

and



and most Part of the Inhabitants of *Binubia*, did not engage in second Marriages, till after they had often endeavoured to dissuade others from it.

*Binubia*, is a little City, whose Buildings are for the most Part old, and almost ready to fall; only the Walls are new white-wash'd, new plaister'd up, and new painted according to Art, to hide all Defects. Every Thing there has a melancholy and mournful Aspect: and as almost every Match there has been made by the Influence of Self-Interest, all there are intent upon managing their Affairs to their own private Advantage, at the Expence of their Partner, whom they flatter themselves with the Hopes of surviving. Accordingly the very best Employment of any in this Country, is to follow the Law, in order to take Advantage of the innumerable Law Suits which are daily caused by second Marriages.

Nothing is to be heard there, but the Complaints, and mournful Lamentations, of Children by a first Marriage, who have been robb'd and cheated of their Right, to enrich those by a second; with endless Enquiries into Titles to Estates, to which the Lawyers at last become the principal Heirs: and Disputes about Guardians Accounts, and false Inventories: In short, every Thing there is in Trouble and Confusion, and the Pettyfoggers have not in the World such another fruitful Nursery of Law Suits.

Having now given you an Account of all the different People that inhabit the Island of *Marriage*, viz. the *Discreet*, the *Ill match'd*, the *Ill at Ease*, the *Jealous*, the *Cuckolds*, the *Binubians*, the *Divorced*, and the Inhabitants of *Widowhood*; nothing remains but to give likewise some Description of their Enemies, the *Amathontins*, and the perpetual Wars they have with them.

I have already observed that *Amathontis*, or the Island of *Lovers*, is not far distant from the Isle of *Marriage*; and indeed it is so near, that the *Amathontins* are every

Moment

Moment invading them in prodigious Numbers, and never fail making terrible Havock amongst them; inso-much that they are very seldom driven out again, when they have once got Footing there. One Province or other is always warmly engaged with them, especially *Cuckoldshire*, which is over run with their Multitudes, and the others are not free from them.

Their Manner of waging War is very pleasant, for it is not in Incursions, that make a great Noise and Bustle in the World, that they place their chief Hope, and Dependence; no, they do their Business much better, by introducing themselves without Clamour, by getting Footing privately, and by gaining over to their Interest all the most considerable Persons in the Country: But they have no sooner made a Lodgment any where, but they know how to maintain themselves therein, and the fewer they march in Company, the more formidable they are.

It is not then with open Force, that they attack the Enemy whom they design to *overthrow*; one hears neither Trumpet sound, nor Drum beat, when they march either to *storm a Fort*, or to *give Battle*; all is done without Noise; *Advances* are all made either by Intrinchment, or by Sap, and their *Battles* are all reduced to *single Combat*, every Man *singling out the Enemy*, with whom he chooses to encounter.

As for their Weapons, *Volleys of Sighs* are their only *Small-Arms*; *Languishing and dying Eyes*, their only *Swords*; and the *softest and most tender Expressions*, their *most dangerous Artillery*: They have indeed a Kind of *Short Stiletto* which they *always carry about them conceal'd*, and with which they sometimes give *dangerous Stabs*; but this is never but when they are *very close*, and *very warmly engaged*, and have the *Enemy down at a Disadvantage*, for which Reason some Persons will scarcely allow it to be a *fair Weapon*; but, be that as it will, it is well known, that *few of the Enemy are afraid of its*

*most home Thrusts. Their greatest Valour then consists only in their Submission and Complaisance to their Enemies; their Glory is wholly confin'd to loading them with their own Spoils; and their most compleat Victory is in expiring between the Arms of the conquer'd Enemy; in short, the more secret their Triumphs are, the greater Pleasure they take in them.*

By this Conduct, and provided the *Sinews of War* are not wanting, there is nothing which an *Amathontin* cannot effect: No *Fortifications* are *Proof* against their *Cannon*, nor is there any *Fort* which will not *surrender*, if they *persevere* in their *Attacks*. This made them once put the following *Inscription* upon a *Quiver*, which they dedicated to the *God of Love*.

*In th' Island which from Marriage takes its Name,  
Especially amongst the Jealous Sands,  
The watchfulst, haughtiest, and discreetest Dame,  
With Difficulty can escape our Hands:  
Yet do we never open War declare,  
We are a kind of subtle Privateers;  
And when we find a tender hearted Fair,  
With all her num'rous Train of Hopes and Fears;  
Let Argus all his Hundred Eyes employ,  
Still will we be the Masters of the Field,  
In Spight of him, we'll seize the killing Joy,  
And force the coyest, stubbornst She to yield.*

Neither do they often fail of being as good as their Words. These *Amathontins*, are an agreeable, free, good humoured, generous, and disinterested People, in so much that instead of ravaging, and amassing Spoils in the Country of *Marriage*, they spend at such a Rate, that they very often enrich those they have *overthrown*, and those who have connived at their getting any Footing in the Country.

But

But whoever would attempt to describe all the Wiles, and all the Stratagems, whereof this artful Nation makes use of, in order to introduce themselves, make a Lodgment, and gain a compleat Victory, would be obliged to write Millions of Volumes. Not but that there are among them an infinite Number of *Inconstants*, *Indiscreet Ones*, and *Impostors*; one may hear Complaints made of them every Day. But, notwithstanding all these Complaints, there would be no living without them, and half their Enemies would be in a very sad Condition, if they should cease to make War upon them.

'Tis impossible to conceive into what a good Humour the Reading of this agreeable Piece put the whole Company, by its humourous Description of the Isle of *Marriage*. All owned it to be exquisitely imagined, and to be carried on with the nicest Judgment; at last it brought into our Minds the celebrated *Map of Tender* in the Romance of *Clelia*, which formerly was highly extoll'd, but every one agreed that this had several Beauties, and a Delicacy, and Turn, which the other was far from coming up to.

Every one then called to Remembrance those Places which had made the most lively Impression upon their Imagination; but of all the Parts of the Island, they always returned again to *Hornborough*, through a certain natural Inclination, which seems to draw all the World thither; either to make Part of its Inhabitants, or to laugh at them, and very often for both. For the Citizens of this vast City have this merry Faculty belonging to them, that they generally ridicule one another; some to divert Peoples Thoughts from being fixed upon them, and others to comfort themselves for their own Disgrace.

At last, *Melinda*, one of the three Ladies who were with us, and who has a delicate and just Way of thinking and expressing herself, turned about to me, and asked me, If I could give any Reason, why People were fond of having it thought, that the *Horned Society* are the



Chief, and most numerous Part of the Inhabitants of this vast Country.

You ask me a Question, Madam, said I, to which it is not very difficult to find an Answer; for as soon as you reflect, that this formidable Society consists for the most Part of Men who are *haughty, unsociable, morose, snappish, ill-natured, uncomplaisant, uneasy* in their Circumstances, and perpetually employed about every Thing that is the *most unlikely* to render a Man *gallant and agreeable*, you will find more Reasons than one, for what you desire to know.

These few Words opened us a large Field of Scandal, and gave us full Scope to take a general Review of some Hundreds of our Acquaintance, which we accordingly did afterwards, Time not then permitting by Reason Dinner was ready: Wherefore we adjourned our Satire 'till Afternoon, at the joint Invitation of *Ceres, Bacchus*, and our own Appetites, which were by this Time pretty sharp set. What passed afterwards may possibly prove the Entertainment of another Day, if this meets with a favourable Acceptance from the Town.

T H E

THE  
BATCHELOR's ESTIMATE  
OF THE  
EXPENCES  
OF A  
MARRIED LIFE.

In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

Being an Answer to a Proposal of Mar-  
rying a LADY with 2000 *l.* Fortune.

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*Hæc Nosce salus est Adolescentulis.* Ter.

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L O N D O N:  
Printed in the Year MDCCXLVIII.

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THE  
BATHCHELOR'S ESTIMATE  
OF THE  
EXPENCES  
OF A  
MARRIAGE LIFE.

S I R,

**T**O the Proposal you made me (for which I acknowledge the Obligation, because I am sure it proceeded from your good Opinion of me) I return the following Answer.

You propose I should marry your Relation, who is worth 2000*l.* down, which is indeed a handsome Fortune, and such, that I have the Modesty to think I do not deserve, yet at present cannot accept of the Proposal,



sal, because the following necessary Expences arise so frequently, and so openly to my View, that I must own, whenever I have thought of Matrimony, they have (contrary to my real Inclination) deterred me from entering into that agreeable State.

I now live in Chambers which cost me 20 <i>l.</i> a Year, as soon as married I must take a House, which I cannot have sui- table to me and my Business under 50 <i>l.</i> so that there will be a yearly Increase in House-Rent only	} 30 0 0
Church, Window and Poor's Taxes, Pay- ments to Rector, Reader and Lecturer, Water, Trophy Money, Militia, Lamp, Scavengers, Watch, Constable, &c. all which I am now free from, must be then paid, which cannot amount to less than	} 09 0 0
Expences of Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Su- gar, Spirits, and fresh Supply of China yearly	} 12 0 0
To my Bed-Maker, I pay about 50 <i>s.</i> a Year; when married I must keep two Maid-Servants and a Man, whose Wa- ges, and the Man's Livery, must at least come to 20 <i>l.</i> a Year; so that here is an extraordinary Expence of	} 17 10 0
Coach, Watermen and Chair-Hire for my Wife to make Visits, take the Air, to to see Plays, &c. at a reasonable and yearly Computation	} 3 10 0
	<hr/> 72 0 0 Her

# Island of Marriage.

71

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Brought forward	72	0	0
Her Expences at those Diversions —	3	10	0
I now seldom go to see above a Play in a Season, I must in Complaisance to my Wife sometimes wait on her, and partake of those Entertainments (for I do not think it proper she should go alone) which I will moderately compute at }	1	10	0
It costs me now about 40 <i>s.</i> a Year in Coals, I am sure it must then cost me 12 <i>l.</i> so that here is another yearly Increase of Expence }	10	0	0
The same of Candles in Proportion —	5	0	0
My Wife's necessary wearing Apparel	30	0	0
	122	0	0

Having a Family of my own, I shall diminish little or nothing else out of the Expences of my Dinners; as to the Evening Expences, you know married Men go abroad as often at that Time as Batchelors, and I won't promise to be more Uxorious than my Neighbours; so that instead of 25*l.* a Year at the most it now costs me in Dinners, I shall have the following Bills to pay yearly, *viz.*

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
From the former Calculation	122	0	0
The Butcher —————	35	0	0
	157	0	0
			The

		<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
	Brought forward	157	00	
The Poulterer	_____	10	00	
— Fishmonger	_____	6	00	
— Herb-Woman	_____	7	00	
— Oylman	_____	5	00	
— Baker	_____	12	00	
— Brewer	_____	12	00	
— Grocer	_____	6	00	
— Confectioner	_____	2	00	
— Perfumer	_____	3	00	
— Cheesemonger	_____	4	00	
Wine, Cyder, &c. at a moderate Computation		30	00	
The Fruiterer	_____	1	10	0
The Milk Woman	_____	1	00	
Salt, Small-Coal, Rotten-Stone, Brick-Dust, Sand, Fullers-Earth, Sope, Matches, Vinegar, Ashes, Scouring-Paper, Oat-Meal, Whiting, and many other little Ingredients in House-keeping I am ignorant of	} _____	5	00	
		261	10	0
			So	

*The Batchelor's Estimate.*

73

	<i>l. s. d.</i>
Brought forward	261 10 0
So that deducting thereout 30 <i>l.</i> being the Charge of my Dinners, there will be a necessary additional Matrimonial Expence in House-keeping	<hr/> 231 10 0

If my Wife pleases me, as I do not doubt but your Relation will (I know my own Temper so well in that Respect, that) I shall be often making her Presents of either Rings, Jewels, Snuff-Boxes, Watch, Tweezers, some Knick - Knacks, and Things of that Nature, in which, one Year with another, I am sure I shall expend	5 0 0
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------

The Expences of the Buying in, and Succession of Parrots, Lap-Dogs, Canary-Birds, &c.	5 0 0
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Then comes an Article I least wish for, but happens in most Families, my Wife's Servants, the Expences of Doctor and Apothecary, and though it is accidental, yet one Year with another, cannot come short of	5 0 0
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As for Children, I dare say our Attempts in that Respect will not prove fruitless, we may reasonably expect one in every ~~two~~ Years, if not oftner, but it shall not be my Fault if it does not.

	<hr/> 246 10 0
G	The



	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Brought forward	246	10	0
The Expence of Lying-in, Childbed-Linnen, Midwife, Nurses, Caudles, Baskets, Cradle, Christenings, Blankets, Pins, Clouts, &c. must at least be 30 <i>l.</i> so that if it should happen once in two Years, it may be reckoned a yearly Expence of	15	0	0
Nursing, Maintaining, Education, Cloaths, Schooling of our Children even in their Infancy, and which must be increased as they advance in Years, besides their Fortunes, (which must be saved, or got, to the no small Care, Toil and Fatigue of the Parent,) at a random Calculation, and vastly less than I am satisfied it will be	30	0	0
Pew in the Church	2	0	0
Washing my Wife's and the Family Linnen	8	0	0
Repairs of Furniture, new Brooms, Mops, Brushers, and Rubbers, Mats, Carpets, Altering, Exchange, and Repairs of Furniture	2	0	0
	<u>£. 303</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>0</u>

The Furniture of my House, and Table-Linnen, cannot come short of 300*l.* which, with 50*l.* for Plate (without which, being so moderate a Quantity, I dare say my Wife, nor indeed should I myself be satisfied) will

will lie dead, daily decrease in its Value, and bring me in no Income; I must therefore reckon my Wife's Fortune (in point of its bringing me in a yearly Income) at no more than 1650*l*.

Now, Sir, as you have been a House-Keeper, and married these several Years, pray tell me, If in any one Article, I have charged too much? Whether if I have not rather under-charged them, and omitted several, that I, being unacquainted with these Sort of Things, can have no Knowledge of?

If therefore it is a moderate Computation, and necessary, supposing Interest to continue at five *per Cent*. (which is unlikely) the Produce of 1650*l*. is only 82*l* 10*s*. and if it should fall to four *per Cent*. is only 66*l*. In the one Case, I must necessarily expend on my Wife 221*l*. in the other 237*l*. 10*s*. above the Income of the Fortune she brings, besides the Hazard and Want of Security for the Money, which ought to be considered, and though it be necessary, yet how reasonable it is, I submit to you.

These Things considered (and he that marries without previous Consideration, acts very indiscreetly) I do not see how I can marry a Woman with the Fortune you propose, or that I should better myself at all by it, and in Prudence, People should do so, or let it alone; (not that I propose or think to have more) I must therefore live single, tho' with some Regret that I cannot do otherwise, and increase my own Fortune, which happens to be sufficient for my own Maintenance till, (if I may so call it) I can afford Matrimony.

I wish the Lady all Happiness, and a better Husband, and if it be for her Satisfaction, one who has thought

less of the Matter; not but that I have a very good Opinion of Matrimony, and think of it with Pleasure, as hoping one Time or other to enter into its List, but I now wait with Patience, till my Circumstances or Thoughts vary.

One Thing I would not have you mistaken in, is, that I do not mean that your Relation will be thus expensive to me, more than any other, only that whenever I marry, let her be who she will, I must necessarily (if she has no more Fortune than you propose) expend considerably more than 200*l.* a Year on her, above the Income of her Fortune, and at present I cannot persuade myself to be at so great an Expence, for the Sake of trying a dangerous Experiment, whether the Pleasures of Matrimony are yearly worth that Sum: All which is submitted to your Consideration, by

S I R,

*Your most Obliged*

*Humble Servant.*

T H E

The MARRIED MAN'S  
ANSWER  
TO THE  
BATCHELOR'S ESTIMATE  
OF THE  
EXPENCES of a Married Life;

In a LETTER to  
*J O H N S I N G L E,*  
of GRAY'S-INN, Esq;

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L O N D O N:  
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XLVIII.





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The MARRIED MAN'S  
A N S W E R  
TO THE  
BATCHELOR'S ESTIMATE  
OF THE  
EXPENCES of a Married Life ;

In a LETTER  
To *John Single*, of *Grays-Inn*, Esq;

*Dear S I R,*

**Y**OUR Estimate has been read over, and considered in our Family, and now lies upon the Table to be perused by the Neighbours.

Several Objections have been made to it, I shall take Notice of some of them. It is observed, That you do not deal with that Candour and Ingenuity in stating the Account that you ought to do; for in the Way you compute, you make no Allowance for the Reputation and Advantage which you will in many Respects gain, and which will accrue to your self by a House kept in the Manner you mention; the Credit of which, in a great Measure, centers in you, while

while the Care of it lies wholly upon your Wife. So that in 128*l. per Annum*, consisting of fourteen Articles, from the Butcher's Bill down to Brick-Dust, Rotten-Stone, Whiteing, and other little Ingredients, you will be found not only to be the greatest Cause of the Expence, but will have the principal Share in the Pleasure, and in the Esteem obtain'd by it; tho' it is true, *Fullers-Rents* and *Sheer-Lane* lose 1*s. 3d.* a Day by your Dinners. The same Error runs through some Articles: for my Relation will not, I believe, easily comprehend why she should be solely loaded with the Charge of expending 45*l. per Annum* upon Children, which you seem very well disposed to get. Besides, let me tell you, *Jack*, you ought to bring into the Account the Saving which will arise from the regular Proceeding in that Affair, which, upon the Change of your Condition, you must make to come wonderfully cheap to you; a Grandee of *Spain* reproached the Lady whom he had married with a small Fortune, that he believed that every Pleasure he had had with her, had cost him a *Dobloon* a Time; she replied, that was none of her Fault, for his Excellency might have reduced it to six *Denieres* a Time if he had pleased, in the two Years they had lain together. I doubt you sink an Article of your Expence here; you know, *Jack*, your beloved *Horace* says, there are Things, *quibus doleat Natura negatis*, and does not loveless, joyless, undeared, casual Fruition cost you Money? You tell us of the Doctor and the Apothecary when you are married; 'tis well for you, if you steer clear of the Surgeon before you enter into that State. Nothing but urgent Necessity can draw Money from you; he that deals in cheap Pictures, and cheap Women, is a Loser at last.

In your concluding Remark, you seem unjustly to diminish my Kinswoman's Fortune; for is not the 300*l.* Furniture of your House and Table Linen, with the

the 50*l.* for Plate, your own as much as if it were in Cash? And does not every Circumstance in a married Life recommend you to the World, equal to the Money it costs you, if laid out prudently? You have a Settlement by it, that makes you a better Subject, a more useful Friend, and a more virtuous Man.

How many are they who by Degrees hardening themselves against the Sex established by the Laws of Nature, and of the Land, at last fall into a horrible and odious Sin of Non-Conformity, never tolerated in any Christian Country? This sometimes draws an Expence after it in a Composition far exceeding the 43*l.* *per Annum*, the proper and sole Charge of the Pleasures of Matrimony by your own Calculation, which you cannot persuade your self to undergo, as not thinking them yearly worth that Sum.

Consider *Jack*, who are your truly idle Fellows in Town and Country, that saunter away their Time at Coffee-Houses and at Gaming-Tables: They are all or most of them of your Family, *Mr. Single*. The young Fellows who are always studying how to spend Time, to pass away Time, to wear away Time, to kill Time, they are all of your Family; the Reason is plain, they have nothing in the World for which it is worth while to improve Time. Besides Idleness teacheth all Kind of Evil, and while you by your parsimonious Celibacy deny your self the proper Remedy, you cherish the Disease, and at the same Time you endeavour to check the River in its natural Channel, you make it overflow the bordering Meadows.

What Topicks are used to incite a Man to defend the Liberty of his Country? 'Tis for the Sake of his Family and Posterity, for the Sake of his Wife and Children; the Argument will have little Force, if urged for the Sake of *Jack Single*, at his Chambers two Pair of Stairs high in *Gray's-Inn*.

What



82 *The Married Man's Answer, &c.*

What Argument did the *Gascon* use 'to restrain a Man from a rash (as he thought it) Action? Fighting with him: Won't you consider, cries the *Gascon*, (when their Swords were drawn) your Wife? No, says the Man. Won't you consider, cries he, your Wife and Children? No, no, says the other; then I will, reply'd the *Gascon*, and gravely put up his Sword.

I shall conclude with the Words of DIVINE  
MILTON.

*Hail wedded Love! Myst'rious Law! true Source  
Of Human Off-spring! sole Propriety  
In Paradise, of all Things common else!  
By Thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from Man  
Among the bestial Herds to range: By thee  
Founded in Reason, loyal, just and pure,  
Relation dear, and all the Charities  
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known!  
Perpetual Fountain of Domestick Sweets!  
Here Love his Golden Shafts employs; here lights  
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings,  
Here reigns and revels —————*

And with DRYDEN.

*When fix'd to one, Love safe at Anchor rides,  
And dares the Fury of the Winds and Tides;  
But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean borne,  
It drives away at will, to every Wave a Scorn.*

NONE

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NONE BUT  
FOOLS *Marry.*

**A**S I am the real Author of the *Batchelor's Estimate*, which has for some Time afforded Diversion to, and undergone the Criticisms of the Town; I think in Justice to it, I should vindicate it from the Aspersions thrown on it and the Author, especially from those in Print, that I think worth considering. As to two of them the LADY'S ANSWER, and the WOMAN'S ADVOCATE, I shall take no farther Notice of them, than that they have the Names of Answers, only to make the Copies of the *Estimate*, which they annexed to them, and pirated from the true Proprietor, to sell the better. As to the first, the Town at its first coming out was sufficiently satisfied 'twas a *Grub-street*; as to the second, I think it beneath a Gentleman to answer it, because no Gentleman could have wrote it, consisting of so much Scurrility: It's sufficient Satisfaction to me to observe, that the Readers of it, from its being so preposterous and scurrilous, immediately cry out of the Author, *This Fellow is a Fool*. As to the married Man's Answer because 'tis wrote like a Gentleman, and with no such sordid View as the others were, I chuse for those  
Reasons

Reasons to answer it, and shall therefore in so doing address myself to the Author thereof.

The first Thing, Sir, you begin with by way of Answer is, That I make no Allowance for the Reputation and Advantage which you say I shall in many Respects gain by House-keeping. Could you have mentioned any one of those many Respects, I don't doubt but that you would; but such a general Charge, without any Reason or Foundation mentioned to support it, seems to me to argue, 'as if you could not maintain your Allegation; and indeed I can't conceive how you can. Does paying Parish-Taxes clear our Intellects, or does Matrimony refine our Judgments? If not, how comes it about, and on what Foundation can the *married Man* and House keeper have a greater Reputation than the *Batchelor*? I must own I don't know: But now I think on't indeed, in one respect he may; that is, by marrying an agreeable Woman he stands a very fair Chance of having a Reputation, now very much in vogue, in that State; which, I thank my Stars, I, as a *Batchelor*, am only capacitated to give, but not to receive. Was I to employ a Person to manage my Affairs, I should chuse to employ the *Batchelor*, in regard the *married Man* has so much to do to mind his Family-Affairs, he'll have but little Time to mind those of others.

As to the Deductions you would have made on the Account of casual Fruition, and the consequential Articles of it; before you make such a Deduction, you should first lay it down as necessary, that young Fellows must *Whore* or *Marry*, otherwise 'tis ungenerous to tax me, as I have not committed the one, that I must the other. If you make it out, that a *Batchelor* must go a *whoring*, you have found out something new, and as the first Discoveries of any Thing *useful* ought to have Thanks, you have mine. If there's no such Necessity,  
for

for ought you know I may be one of those *Batchelors*, that walking between two Precipices (*Whoredom* and *Matrimony*) may have so cautiously directed my Steps, as to avoid both. But as 'tis not for my *Credit* with the Fair Sex to pretend not to have been gratified by any of them, I own I have had some Amours, but not with such as were sordidly prostituting their Charms for Gain; but with those only, who gratified me for no other Prospect, than an equal Return of Love, consequently no Deduction ought to be made on the Account of the Expence of it. But supposing that my Taste has been so very low as to take up with those, that lett their Charms to hire, and that I have been at some Expence in that Respect; yet as Women are now a-days very cheap (pardon me, I mean those of the Town) and their Price runs at a low Ebb; 30*l.* a Year will drive a pretty good Trade with that Sort of Ware; and I am told you may agree by the Great, and for Five Guineas a Year insure your self against any ill Consequences that may happen. And if the Expence of casual Fruition is no more (as prudent Dealers therein assure me it is not) I am sure the Undervaluations and Omissions in my Estimate amount to above twice those Sums.

You alledge (and for Argument-sake suppose it true) that in the Articles of House keeping I shall have the principal Pleasure, yet I must be at six Parts in seven of the Expence. Pray how stands it then? Is that Encouragement to commence Husband?

'Tis not my Wife, but I, shall bear the Load of the Expence of Children, for you see her Fortune can scarcely answer any Expence at all; but as she partakes of an equal, if not, as most allow, a greater Pleasure in the begetting them, I don't see why she should not proportionably contribute to their Maintenance.

H

By



By the Story of the *Spanish Grandee*, you would insinuate (and consistent enough with your Admission of my being well dispos'd to get Children) that let it cost me what it will, I may by a frequent Repetition of the Pleasures of Matrimony, (and I dare say, not disagreeable to my Wife) reduce the Expence of each Pleasure to a very minute Sum, unless it was my own Fault, which admits a Readiness of one Side. But on a second Calculation of the Expences of the Estimate, I find I shall pay for those Pleasures at the Rate of 12 s. 8 d. for each Night's Lodging; a meer Trifle, you'll say: But however, whether after Honey-Moon is over, (which, by the Way, they tell me is the shortest in the Year) those Pleasures will be so frequent, as to reduce the Expence of them to a very minute Sum; or on the other Side, whether several 12 s. 8 Pence will not be expended towards each Pleasure, is the hazardous Experiment I still decline to make; but leave it to those who have shot the *Gulf*, and now know the Danger, to reflect how prudent they were, when they undertook so hardy an Enterprize; where, let the dear Partner be fullen and ill-temper'd, or gay and good-natur'd; let her by Chance or otherwise be ugly or agreeable; let her be obstreperous and unruly, and, *Xantippe* like, scold me out of House and Home, or be meek and condescending; let her be expensive (and what some good Wives have industriously done) run me into Gaol, or be frugal and careful; let her be healthy or ailing; let her be a *Messalina*, or a *Lucrece*; let her have all the ill, and none of the good Qualities; yet this dear Creature I am destin'd to love and cherish for Life, she must be Partaker of my Bed and Board. From this Bargain, though ne'er so ill concerted, there's no Appeal lies, or any Redress to be had. Who then that lives already comfortably and happy, would (not knowing

knowing when he was well) be Fool enough to make an Experiment; where, if it happens according to his Wishes, he can but live still comfortable and happy; and where, if it does not (as I believe most People will allow it to be a reasonable Chance to lay twenty to one against him) he'll have only this sad Reflection; I was happy, but strove to be otherwise, and am so. Such an Experiment would be as prudent, as that made by a Person, who having a very valuable Diamond, would needs try, whether it was so hard as to bear the Strokes of a Hammer on an Anvil. He satisfied his Curiosity; what follow'd? The Diamond broke, and the Possessor of it curs'd his Stars, for having been such a Fool.

You say by Marriage I became a better Subject, a more useful Friend, and a more virtuous Man, neither of which can I allow. As to the first then; There is no Law that commands or forbids us to marry; He that does not, transgresses no Law; and he that does, complies with none. How can one then be a better Member of a Community, or a better Subject than the other, when what is said to make a Difference between them, is in itself indifferent. But as every Body, thank Heaven, is left to his own Choice; and mine, I think, is the best, being consistent with the Opinion of an inspired Writer; I pronounce myself a better Subject, who can without Injustice to any, freely engage in the Service of my King and Country; and, as *Pomfret* says, afford them *my Tongue, my Pen, my Fortune, and my Sword*; than he, that is obliged to make use of all these, to minister to the Necessities of a Family, which he is ty'd to; and which, consistent with the Laws of God and Man, 'tis his utmost Duty to provide for.

To be a more useful Friend, it is almost impossible for a married Man; for he must (and it is a great Sin

if he omits it) breed up, maintain and provide for his Family: if, during that Time, he should provide for a Relation, do a Friend a Kindness, or this, or that Act of Charity, it will be looked upon to be, and so it is in Fact, so far a Robbery of his own Family; so that the Tyes of his Duty in that Respect are so strong, he can scarce do one Act of Benevolence to any other: so true is the old Proverb, *Charity begins at Home*. And even when he has done all he can, his thankless Children (which, by the way, is no great Encouragement to beget them) think he made a very ill Use of his Time, in not having raised them greater Fortunes: Whereas the *Batchelor* having none but himself to provide for, and having the same Methods and Talents of becoming rich, with *the married Man*, without a Quarter of the Expence, soon gains that End; while it is well, if the married Man, with his greatest Industry, supports his Family. *The Batchelor* gives his Niece, or Cousin a Fortune, and places her in the World, binds a Nephew Apprentice, puts out a poor Child to School, relieves a poor industrious Family struggling with Poverty, lends or gives a Friend a Sum on an Emergency; ALL these he does, not as a Performance of any Duty incumbent on him, nor will it be esteemed as such, but as meer Acts of Benevolence; he robs none, he does none Injustice, his Family at home want it not; he is valued and respected as a truly generous Soul, he sees the good Things he does, rewarded in the Gratitude of the Receivers of his Benevolence; and in the Increase of his Fortune, which, with his good Intentions, gives him Ability; whilst the *married Man*, though perhaps he may have the Inclination, yet very seldom has the Ability of being half so useful a Friend as the Batchelor.

As to the married Man's being more virtuous than a Batchelor, I am satisfied there are so many Provocations

ocations to Passion in Family-Concerns, that the married Man lies under a frequenter Temptation to Sin in that respect: And besides, the necessary Parsimony a Husband must be Master of, to support his Family, often betrays him into a strange Narrowness of Temper and Avarice. And every Body knows, that there are Sins, and great ones too, incident only to a married State, which it is well if they are avoided: Those of *Omission*, even were our Bosom-Friends our Wives-Judges, I dare say, are not few.

As to the odious Sin of Nonconformity, I think it is ungenerous in the highest Degree to suggest any Thing without due Grounds for it; but let it stick on the Guilty: As for my Part, I assure you, I love the Fair Sex so well, I would willingly oblige them in any Thing in the World, but *marry* them.

As to sauntering at Coffee Houses, and Loss at Play, I would have you know I have Business to employ me, so as not to be idle; and even not to have Time so much almost as to think of Matrimony, (for I think none but Idlers do think on it;) and as to Play, I am so far averse to any Thing that is attended with Hazard and Uncertainty, that I decline Matrimony on that Account, being with respect to the Hazard of it, a Species of *Gaming*.

The Ladies are much obliged to you for being their Advocate; all the Men of Honour will surely be married immediately, there will scarce be a Girl left; for by the *Gascoen* Story, you have plainly shewn, that those that marry, and have Families, must of Necessity be Cowards; and yet I don't know how to think them so, since they *DARE marry*.

As to the two Quotations out of *Milton* and *Dryden*, pray read the following ones out of the same Authors, and reconcile them.



——— Ob! Why did God,  
 Creator wise! That peopled highest Heav'n  
 With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
 This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect  
 Of Nature; and not fill the World at once,  
 With Men as Angels without Feminine?  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This Mischief had not then befall'n,  
 And more that shall befall: Innumerable  
 Disturbances on Earth thro' Female Snares,  
 And strait Conjunction with the Sex;—for either  
 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
 As some Misfortune brings him, or Mistake  
 Which infinite Calamity shall cause  
 To human Life, and Household Peace confound.

MILTON.

Marriage, thou Curse of Love, and Snare of Life!  
 That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!  
 Love like a Scene at Distance shall appear,  
 But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landscape near,  
 Love's nauseous Cure! thou cloy'st, whom thou should'st  
     please,  
 And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease;  
 When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties,  
 Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies.

And again.

Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a Wife;  
 Where for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,  
 Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight,  
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,  
 Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst:  
 For Man and Woman, tho' in one they grow,  
 Yet first or last return again to Two.

He

*He to God's Image, she to his was made,  
 So farther from the Fount, the Stream at random stray'd,  
 How could he stand, when put to double Pain,  
 He must a Weaker than himself sustain;  
 Each might have stood, perhaps, but each Alone,  
 Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down:  
 Not that my Verse would blemish all the Fair,  
 But yet, if some be bad, 'tis Prudence to beware,  
 And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare.*

DRYDEN.

I would gladly know what End is attained by Matrimony; you say, and 'tis admitted, the Batchelor has had particular Favours granted him by the Fair Sex, and that he's no Novice to their Charms. What Excuse has he then for Matrimony? only an idle Curiosity, to try whether the Pleasures a Woman affords you, that has sordidly tied you Neck and Heels in Loads of Parchments and Settlements, and who would have differ'd with you, if your Estate had fell short of being adequate to her Fortune by 5 *l.* a Year; whether those Pleasures are more refined, than those of a truly generous-spirited Girl, that obliges you without Signing and Sealing. And there's one Thing remarkable, that the latter neither expects nor desires your Affections any longer than she, by her continuing agreeable, merits them; and in case, as in all other fair Dealings, you don't like her, you are at your Liberty to act as you please: But the former, in case she does not answer the Sample of her Face, (the only one you are permitted to have) and proves disagreeable, she sticks to you for Life; and, as if touched with Birdlime, the more you struggle, the less you have Power so to do.

But to return to my Estimate, I can't conceive why I should, as I find I have, made so many of the Fair Sex my Enemies. Says one, I will certainly pull him by the Nose, another threatens to box my Ears, a third

ex-

excludes me from the Tea-Table, I am forbid to make my usual Visits to them. But what is most unreasonable, those Viragoes I find are all out of the Case, my Estimate has nothing to do with them; for their Fortunes are so small, (exclusive of their own dear Persons, which some more amorous Gentlemen may think Fortune enough) that they won't bear to be estimated: But did they but rightly consider, is it not more generous to refrain, even tho' contrary to Inclination, as I proposed, till my Circumstances can afford to maintain a Woman genteely, than marry, and with both our Fortunes but just barely subsist?

Did young Fellows before they marry, but coolly sit down and consider what they were going about, and make proper Estimates, 'tis to be hoped the Number of miserable Wives, and unprovided Children, would be very much diminish'd. But in answer to all that can be alledg'd of the Expensiveness of a married State, the Women cry out, the Pleasures thereof are so great, they are not to be rated according to any Expence, that attends the purchasing of them. 'Tis true, Batchelors *are at a Loss* to guess what they are; and if that will do the Fair Sex any Service, I will admit them very great, yea, next to those of Heaven; for, like them, I am sure they are *inconceivable*.

But now I think on't, why do I talk of marrying? I can have no Hopes of such Happiness, each fair Lady is determined not to have the wicked calculating Batchelor, (tho' they do well to stay till they are ask'd, no, not if he was worth 50,000 *l* But why? because he told the Truth. If that's to be the Case, (tho' I don't say I will not have them if they were worth so much) and I must have No WIFE, I say CONTENT; or to use the Words of a Great Man of the Law, BE IT SO.

From what I have said, I would not have you think I dislike Matrimony, or that I would cast an Odium on,

OR.

or ridicule that State, as some modern Batchelors do : Say they, Matrimony is like a hungry Dog and a Bone ; no sooner is the Bone found, but the Dog, wonderfully pleas'd with the Adventure, endeavours all he can to devour it ; but alter the Position of the Bone, take it and tie it to his Tail, the poor Creature runs from it with all Speed, nor is he easy till he gets rid of it. Nor can I commend a Gentleman pretty well known in 'Town, that lay in almost the worst Condition the Gratification of a loose Passion could bring him to, who cry'd out in a faltering Tone to his Friend and Visitor, *Even This, Tom is better than Matrimony.*

No,

—— *Higher of the Genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious Reverence, I deem.*

*I am, Dear Sir,*

*Your very Humble Servant,*

*Gray's-Inn.*

JACK SINGLE.

We



We shall conclude our MISCELLANY  
with the two following SONGS.

**T**HE Man who for Life  
Is blest with a Wife,  
Is sure in a happy Condition,  
Go Things how they will  
She sticks by him still,  
She's Comforter, Friend and Physician.

Pray where is the Joy,  
To Trifle and Toy?  
Yet dread some Disaster from Beauty?  
But sweet is the Bliss  
Of a Conjugal Kiss,  
Where Passion is mingled with Duty.

One extravagant Whore  
Will cost a Man more  
Than Twenty good Wives that are saving,  
For Wives they will spare  
That their Children may share,  
But Whores are eternally craving.

**T**HE Man who for Life  
Is plagu'd with a Wife,  
Is sure in a wretched Condition,  
Go Things how they will,  
She sticks by him still,  
And Death is his only Physician,

Poor Man, &c.

*To Trifle and Toy  
May give a Man Joy  
When summon'd by Love or by Beauty,  
But where is the Bliss  
Of a Conjugal Kiss,  
When Passion is prompted by Duty?*  
Poor Man, &c.

*The Dog when possess'd  
Of Mutton the best  
A Bone he may leave at his Pleasure;  
But if to his Tail  
'Tis ty'd, without fail  
He's barrass'd and plagu'd beyond Measure.*  
Poor Curr, &c.

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